CANADIAN

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SECOND READER

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Canadian Series of Reading Books.

SECOND BOOK

OF

READING LESSONS.

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By the Council of Public Instruction
For Ontario.

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Entered according to Act of Provincial Legislature, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-seven, by the Reverend EGERTON RYERSON, LL.D., *Chief Superintendent of Education for Ontario, in the Office of the Registrar the Province of Canada.*

TO THE TEACHER.

The Second Reading Book is composed almost exclusively of Nursery Rhymes and Tales and Fables of a kind likely to prove pleasing to the mind of childhood. A principal cause of the very frequent want of proper modulation and appropriate inflection of voice, on the part of pupils, in reading, is to be found in the fact that heretofore our reading books have largely consisted of selections that were on subjects more or less above the easy comprehension of the pupil, or that were not written in a style sufficiently simple and agreeable. A child cannot read with expression that which he does not readily understand, or does not readily engage his attention; while, on the other hand—provided his eye is familiar with the word-signs—he can scarcely fail to read naturally, and, consequently, with propriety, a rhyme or a story that enlists his sympathy and awakens his interest.

A portion of the First Section of the Second Book is devoted to the completion of the scheme of lessons on the letter-sounds, which was commenced in Part I. and carried on through Part II. of the First Book—the attention being here chiefly

directed to certain combinations of letters that occur in dissyllables and elsewhere, and are characterised by peculiar or irregular sounds.

The words given at the head of each lesson are those with which the pupil has not previously become acquainted in his Reading Book. They are intended to be pronounced and explained by the teacher before the lesson is commenced—the pronunciation and meaning being carefully impressed upon the pupil, so that he may be already familiar with each word before he meets with it in the reading lesson.

The teacher is recommended to select materials for spelling exercises from the portions of the book previously read, and to continue the plan, recommended for adoption in the First Book, of conducting the recitation in spelling by giving each pupil a short phrase or sentence, so as to ensure the words being spelled in their proper connections.

EDUCATION OFFICE,
TORONTO, *December* 1869.

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SECOND BOOK.

PART I.

THIS little book has verses of good old English rhyme
That in your father's father's time, rang out their pleasant chime.
This little book dear children, has tales that were not new
When your good and kind old grandmamma was such a child as you.

Full many a child has prized them, now grown a
stalwart man,
And many more, whose lives were o'er before our
lives began;
Then prize you them, dear children, tales told and
ballads sung
In times long past—the old, old days, when grand-
mamma was young.

BILLY AND NANNY; OR, THE TWO GOATS.

a-ble*	stub-ble	baf-fle	an-kle
ta-ble	tum-ble	ri-fle	wrin-kle
sta-ble	trea-cle	ruf-fle	ma-ple
rab-ble	un-cle	ea-gle	ap-ple
fee-ble	i-dle	gig-gle	peo-ple
peb-ble	bri-dle	bu-gle	rip-ple
nib-ble	rid-dle	wrig-gle	lit-tle
no-ble	sad-dle	an-gle	this-tle
Bi-ble	pud-dle	ti-tle	tit-tle

These two goats are named "Billy" and "Nanny," and they belong to Ned Baffle's uncle. Billy is a noble fellow, with long bent horns, all rough with wrinkles; while Nanny is smaller, and has short straight horns.

* Observe that when the consonant is doubled the preceding vowel is short.

☞ These words, and all similarly placed in the book, are intended to be pronounced and explained by the pupils before commencing the lesson. They are not designed to constitute an exercise in spelling.—(See Preface.)

Poor Nanny is lame. When she was a feeble little kid, she and her mamma were lying one day under an apple-tree, in the stubble-field, behind Mr Baffle's barn. Nanny got up and ran through the stubble to the little stream at the end of the field. She loved to hear the water babble over the pebbles, and to watch it ripple in the sun. Then, too, she thought she would have a drink, and just nibble for a little while at the thistles which grew along its banks. As she stood by the water, looking at her image, and thinking what a pretty little goat she was, she heard a loud scream, and, turning round, she saw a great eagle swoop down at her from the top of a tall maple-tree. Nanny felt the sharp claws in her back, and cried with fright and pain, as the cruel bird began to fly off with her. Just

then a man, who had heard Nanny's cry, came up with a rifle and shot at the eagle. He did not kill it, but the ball went so close to it as to ruffle its feathers, and it was glad to get away safely, and let the poor kid drop to the ground. Little Nanny fell against the sharp angle of a stone, and thus she broke her leg a little way above the ankle. She was not able to walk for many weeks, and her leg was bound up in splints. While she was thus kept in the stable, she had ample time to think of how silly she had been to ramble away from her kind mamma.

Billy is a great strong fellow, but he loves to be idle. Ned Baffle sometimes puts a bridle into Billy's mouth and a saddle on his back, and takes a ride on him. One day, he rode Billy to the store for a can of treacle. On their way home, a man began to play on a bugle close to them, and Billy, who did not like the noise, ran away. Little Ned did his best to hold on, but Billy gave a great jump and made Ned tumble into a puddle of dirty water. Some idle boys who stood by began to giggle and to make fun of Ned, as he had upset the treacle all over his face and head and neck. Poor Ned had to wriggle out of the mud, as best he could, and then run home. The rabble of idle boys ran after him, calling him MUD-AND-TREACLE and other names. In a short time it was Ned's turn to laugh, for, hearing a great noise behind him, he turned and saw

that Billy had got among the idle fellows, and was paying them back in their own coin—abuse. He threw one great fellow, with dirty hands and face, into a deep pit that had been dug for a cellar, and where there were many nettles; he tore one boy's coat with his horns, and he upset four or five of them into the gutter. Billy gave them plenty of mud without treacle, and they were well pleased to get off and leave Ned alone.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;

Let them alone, and they 'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
And off she ran to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they 'd left their tails behind them.

A SHIP A-SAILING.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for me.

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silver,
The masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain cried, "Quack, quack."

KITTY AND MOUSIE.

Once there was a little Kitty,
Whiter than snow;
In the barn he used to frolic
Long time ago.

In the barn a little Mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the Kitty comin.
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little Kitty,
Black as a sloe;
And they spied the little Mousie
Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little Kitty,
Paws soft as dough,
And they caught the little Mousie
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little Kitty,
All in a row,
And they bit the little Mousie
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little Mousie,
Mousie cried out, "Oh!"
But she got away from Kitty
Long time ago.
—*Little Susy's Six Birthdays.*

HARRY AND FANNY'S GRANDPAPA.

an-y	Har-ry	hur-ry	cit-y
man-y	car-ry	cur-ry	pit-y
pen-ny	tar-ry	wor-ry	fif-ty
fun-ny	ber-ry	bur-ly	six-ty
bun-ny	cher-ry	cur-ly	plen-ty
mon-ey	mer-ry	sur-ly	twen-ty
hap-py	ver-y	sure-ly	pret-ty

Harry and Fanny Black were always glad to go for a walk with their grandpapa. He was very kind and good to them, and they were very sorry when they had done anything to vex or worry him. Fanny was a dear little girl, five years old, with lips and cheeks as red as a ripe cherry; while Harry was a fine burly little fellow of eight, with merry laughing eyes and black curly hair.

Last year, when the berries were ripe, their grandpapa took them some miles from the city. They rode a long way in the cars, and then they got out to walk to the woods. The children were in so great a hurry to get there, that they would

not tarry for their grandpapa, who did not care to walk very fast, as he was fifty or sixty years old. It was a sad pity they did not wait for him—for they had plenty of time—but, as I said before, they were in a hurry to get to the woods to find berries, and they did not know what a fright they were going to get.

Just before they came to the woods, they saw a funny little gray rabbit run under the fence into a field by the road-side. They did not think it could be any harm, so they got over the fence to have a peep at Mr Bunny. They ran about here and there through the field looking for bunny, but they could

not find him. They never thought how wrong it was of them to trample down the farmer's crop of wheat until, all at once, a surly man ran up and was about to beat them for walking over the wheat. He was very cross, and Fanny and Harry shed many, many tears before, to their great joy, they saw their kind grandpapa come to save them. He gave the farmer some money to pay him for the damage the boy and girl had done to his crops, and then they all three went into the woods.

The children could not help crying as they went along, and they told their grandpapa, at least twenty times, how truly sorry they were that they had been in such a hurry to leave him. He said it surely would have been better if they had not run off, but that it was of no use to cry, and that he was quite sure they would not do it again. Then he sat down by the root of a great tree, and made Fanny sit by him on a block which he had told Harry to carry there for her. So they sat down to rest for more than an hour, and their grandpapa told them many pretty stories and verses ; and among others, so as to make them laugh, he told them the story of

THE CLEVER OLD MAN.

There was an old man who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see,

He said he could do as much work in a day,
  As his wife could do in three.
With all my heart, the old woman said,
  If that you will allow,
To-morrow you 'll stay at home in my stead,
  And I go drive the plough.

But you must milk the tidy cow,
  For fear that she go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs,
  That are within the sty;
And you must mind the speckled hen,
  For fear she lay astray;
And you must reel the spool of yarn,
  That I did spin to-day.

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
  And went to drive the plough;
The old man took a pail in his hand,
  And went to milk the cow.
But Tidy hinch'd, and Tidy flinch'd,
  And Tidy broke his nose;
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
  That the blood ran down his hose.

High! Tidy! ho! Tidy! high!
  Tidy! do stand still;
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
  'Twill be sore against my will!

He went to feed the little pigs,
That were within the sty;
He hit his head against the beam,
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen
For fear she 'd lay astray;
And he forgot the spool of yarn,
His wife spun yesterday.
So he vow'd by the sun, the moon, and the stars,
And the leaves on every limb,
If his wife didn't do a day's work in her life,
She should ne'er be ruled by him.

BETTY PRINGLE.

Betty Pringle had a little pig,
Not very little, and not very big;
When he was alive, he lived in clover,
But now he 's dead, and that 's all over.
So Billy Pringle he lay down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she lay down and died;
So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Billy Pringle he,
Betty Pringle she,
And the piggy-wiggee.

LITTLE SUSAN'S DREAM.

aunt	haunch	niece	light	e-nough
jaunt	launch	piece	night	cough
daunt	brief	fierce	tight	trough
flaunt	chief	pierce	plight	dough
gaunt	grief	bright	plough	though
haunt	field	blight	bough	al-though
taunt	wield	fight	rough	through
vaunt	yield	flight	tough	hic-cough

Little Susan Daunt had a long spelling lesson last week, with many hard words in it, so she went into the garden, and sat under the green boughs of a spruce-tree to learn it, while there was enough light for her to see to read. The day was very warm, and she had not been there long before she

fell fast asleep, and dreamed that she was in a great forest, with green trees on all sides of her. She thought that she saw many red and white flags, which seemed to flaunt among the trees, while, on the ground, were all sorts of bright flowers—red and white and yellow and blue. Far away through the woods she saw a field, in which were a man and two oxen at work with a plough. She saw the man loosen the oxen from the plough, and drive them towards a trough of water to get a drink. At this moment Susan thought, in her dream, that she heard a slight noise behind her, and looking round she saw a noble deer pierce through the shrubs and begin to crop the sweet young grass which grew among the flowers.

The deer was so tame that he came close to her and ate some herbs out of her hand, and she thought that his black eyes seemed so soft and gentle, that she threw her arms around his glossy neck, and told him that she loved him dearly.

All at once the sky, she thought, began to grow dark, as though night were coming on. A black blight fell on the flowers, and the bright flags were all turned into black crape. Susan looked for the oxen, and saw that they had been changed into two fierce hounds—hungry and gaunt; while the man, who had been at work with the oxen, was now on a fleet horse, and seemed to wield a long and sharp sword in his hand.

To her great grief they all rushed towards the deer, which at once took to flight. For a brief space of time Susan thought it would get off; but the ground seemed now to be very rough, and the deer fell over some logs. The hounds caught up to it, and tore it down to the ground. Then the man rode up and killed it with his sword. When the deer was dead, she saw the man take off the skin, and cut away a haunch, which he took with him. The two hungry dogs fell to and ate the rest.

Little Susan felt such grief at the death of the deer that she awoke in tears, and was indeed glad to find that it was only a dream. She was, it is true, in a sad plight about her lesson, for she was sure she did not know it; but her chief fear was that, lying on the ground, she had caught a cold, for she had a bad cough, and she felt as if something were tight about her throat. So she got up and went indoors; but all through the night her dream seemed to haunt her, and she could not forget the noble deer and his sad death in the forest.

Next day Susan was up even before the cook had made the dough for the breakfast rolls. She sat down to her book; and although she knew that she was about to have a tough fight with some of the long words, yet she said that she would not yield to them, but would master them all before she went to breakfast. She had heard Aunt Mary say, the night before, that she was going for a little jaunt in

the fields after breakfast, and that her niece might go with her if her lessons were all learned. Besides, she did not want her brother Fred to taunt her with being a dunce, and to vaunt and boast that he could learn his lesson in less time than she took to learn hers.

When breakfast was over, Susan went to the school-room to say her lesson to her aunt. She just missed two words, *launch* and *hiccough*. She spelled launch, L-A-N-C-H; and hiccough, H-I-C-C-U-P. Her aunt told her this was wrong, and that she must learn it better. In a little while she went to say it again, and she knew, this time, that L-A-U-N-C-H spells launch, and that H-I-C-C-O-U-G-H spells hiccough; and as she knew how to spell all the other words too, she and her aunt went for their ramble in the green fields.

I. PUSSY CAT.—II. WALTER AND HIS DOG

ser-vants	Chesh-ire	gal-lop
hard-ly	be-cause	rogu-ish
vent-ure	Wal-ter	naugh-ty
when-ev-er	span-iel	good-nat-ured
noth-ing	pup-py	sau-cy

PUSSY CAT.

Pussy Cat lives in the servants' hall,
She can set up her back and pur;

The little mice live in a crack in the wall,
  But they hardly dare venture to stir.

For whenever they think of taking the air,
  Or filling their little maws,
The Pussy Cat says, "Come out if you dare;
  I will catch you all with my claws."

Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, went all the little mice,
  For they smelt the Cheshire cheese;
The Pussy Cat said, "It smells very nice,
  Now do come out if you please."

"Squeak," said the little mouse; "squeak, squeak,
    squeak,"
  Said all the little ones too:
"We never creep out when cats are about,
  Because we are afraid of you."

So the cunning old cat lay down on a mat
  By the fire in the servants' hall;
"If the little mice peep, they 'll think I 'm asleep;"
  So she roll'd herself up like a ball.

"Squeak," said the little mouse, "we 'll creep out,
  And eat some Cheshire cheese;
That silly old cat is asleep on the mat,
  And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble, went the little mice,
  And they lick'd their little paws;
Then the cunning old cat sprang up from her mat
  And caught them all with her claws.

WALTER AND HIS DOG.

There was a little boy
And he had a piece of bread,
And he put his little cap
On his head, head, head.

Upon his hobby-horse
Then he went to take a ride,
With his pretty spaniel Flash
By his side, side, side.

Little Walter was his name,
And he said to little Flash,
"Let us gallop round the house,
With a dash, dash, dash."

So he laid down his bread
In a snug little place,
And away Walter went
For a race, race, race.

But Flash had a plan,
In his little roguish head,
Of taking to himself
Walter's bread, bread, bread.

So he watch'd for a moment
When Walter did not look,
And his nice piece of bread,
Slily took, took, took.

When Walter saw the rogue,
He cried, "Oh! naughty Flash;"
And he show'd his little whip
With a lash, lash, lash.

But Flash look'd so good-natured
With his tail curl'd up behind,
That his aunty said to Walter,
"Never mind, mind, mind.

"Flash is nothing but a puppy,
So, Walter, do not worry,
If he knew that he 'd done wrong,
He 'd be sorry, sorry, sorry.

"And don't be angry, Walter,
That Flash has had a treat;

Here 's another piece of bread
You may eat, eat, eat."

So Walter ate his bread,
And then to Flash he cried,
"Come, you saucy little dog,
Let us ride, ride, ride."

THREE FABLES.

fa-ble	use-ful	in-jure
sto-ry	mor-al	nev-er

What is a fable? A fable is a story, which, though not true, is meant to teach some useful truth, or moral lesson. Do you ask how this can be? Here are three fables, or stories, which are not true, and yet teach lessons which all boys and girls ought to learn:—

THE FROGS.

Two or three little boys stood one day at the side of a pond, in which there were some frogs. Now, though the poor frogs did them no harm, yet as soon as a frog put up its head, these bad boys would pelt at it with stones. "My dear boys," said one of the frogs, "you do not think, that though this may be sport to you, it is death to us."

We should never hurt or injure those who do not hurt us; nor should we laugh at what gives them pain.

THE TWO DOGS.

Two dogs, Tray and Snap, went out to walk. Tray was a good dog, and would not hurt the least thing in the world; but Snap was cross, and would snarl and bite at all that came in his way. At length they came to a town. All the dogs came near them. Tray hurt none of them; but Snap would grin at this, snarl at that, and bite a third, till at last they all fell on him, and tore him limb from limb; and, as Tray was with him, he met with his death at the same time.

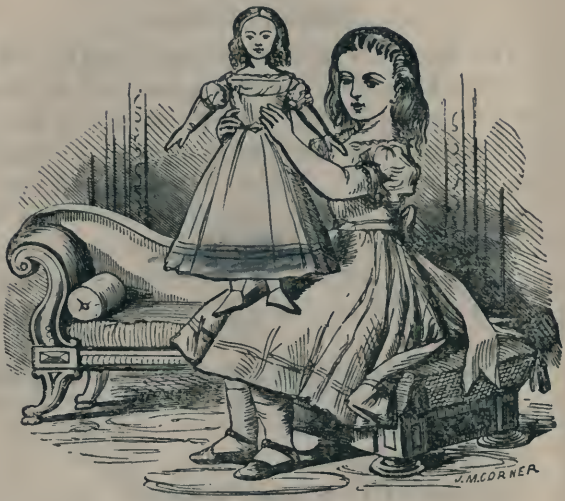
We should not go with bad boys or girls, lest we share their fate.

THE BOY AND THE NUTS.

A boy once had a jar which was nearly full of nuts; so he went and put in his hand to take some out. He took up as many nuts as his hand could hold; but he could not pull them out, for the jar had a small neck.

"Let go half the nuts, my boy," said a man who stood near, "and then try." The boy did so, and then found he could pull out his hand with ease.

Do not grasp at too much, or you may lose all.



I. MY LITTLE DOLL ROSE.—II. TO BABY.

flax-en	dol-ly	dar-ling
la-dy	re-pose	sup-pose
cun-ning	cour-te-sy	a-lone

I have a little doll,
I take care of her clothes,
She has soft flaxen hair,
And her name is Rose.

She has pretty blue eyes,
And a very small nose.

And a cunning little mouth,
And her name is Rose.

I have a little sofa,
Where my dolly may repose,
Or sit up like a lady,
And her name is Rose.

My doll can move her arms,
And stand upon her toes,
Or make a pretty courtesy,
My darling little Rose.

How old is your dolly?
Very young, I suppose,
For she cannot go alone,
My pretty little Rose.

—*Mrs Follen.*

TO BABY.

Come here and sit upon my knee,
And give me kisses, one, two, three,
And tell me, dear, if you love me,
My Baby.
Of this I'm sure that I love you,
And many, many things I do,
And nurse and dress, and pet you too,
My Baby.

THE SILLY LAMB.

moth-er	o-pen	los-ing
a-gain	out-side	sil-ly
a-mong	with-out	shep-herd
a-loud	fool-ish	quick-ly
oth-er	sup-per	bush-es

A lamb, who lived in a fold with all the lambs and sheep on the farm, said to his mother, "Mother, may I not go out of the fold into the wide field?"

"No, my child," said the old sheep; "there is a wolf out there, and he might see you. The field,

you see, is large, and you might be lost there, and not find your way back."

"I do not fear the wolf, and I know I should be able to find my way back," said the pert lamb; "I hate to be shut up in a fold all day and all night."

"Go, go," said his mother, "play with the other lambs, and frisk your long tail. It will be cut off one of these days, and then you will have no tail to frisk; then you will wish for it again."

"Shall I be wise like you when I lose my tail?" said the lamb.

"Yes, you will," said the mother sheep; "lambs grow wise when that time comes. How can you play when you have no tail to play with?"

"That is true," said the lamb, and off he ran to play. But he did not play long, for he went to the side of the fold to look through at the field, and he felt sad that he could not get out. At last, one night he found the gate open, and when the sheep-dog was not near, he ran out and hid among the bushes.

All the sheep and the lambs in the fold went to sleep, but the lamb in the field outside ran and jumped in the light of the moon.

"Oh, this is nice!" said the lamb; "I am glad I came out of the fold. My mother is not so wise as I am, although she has not a tail. Ah! ah! an old sheep is not so wise as a young lamb."

Then he jumped and ran till he was far away from the fold, and could not see it. But for a long time he could still hear the sheep-dog say "Bow-wow." He was close by the fold to watch the sheep. He did not know that one lamb had run off, or he would have said "Bow-wow," and run to find him. At last the moon did not shine, and it grew very dark. The lamb said, "I will go to sleep;" but he was cold, for the old sheep was not there to keep him warm, and he could not sleep.

Then he got up and went on, but it was so dark that he did not see a bush full of sharp thorns. His wool caught in the thorns, and he could not get out. He began to cry aloud, and then the wild wolf heard him.

"Ah! ah!" said he, "a stray lamb; that will be good for me;" and he gave such a loud howl that it made the lamb shake with fear, for he knew what it was.

"Oh, poor me!" he said, "here is the wild wolf; I shall die, and it will be all my own fault, for I would not mind what my mother said. Oh, if I were only safe back in the fold, I would never leave it again."

Soon the wolf came near; his howl was loud, for it was close by; but some one else heard the wolf howl as well as the silly lamb. It was the dog who took care of the fold; he gave a loud bark, and it brought the shepherd with his gun. He, too, heard

the lamb cry and the wolf howl, and he ran quickly into the wood. There he found the lamb stuck fast in the bush, and he pulled off the sharp thorns, and spoke kind words to him, and took him up in his arms, and bore him back to the fold. You may be sure he was glad to be safe again, and to lie down by the side of his mother.

"How now," said the old sheep, "where have you been, you silly young lamb?"

"I was so foolish as to go out into the fields," said the lamb, "and the wild wolf came up to eat me."

"I said he would come," said the old sheep, "and you now see how foolish it was of you to go out at night."

"Yes," said the lamb, who still shook with fear, "I was foolish, but I shall be wise now, for I have had the half of my fleece torn off, and that must be the same as losing your tail."

"I don't know that," said the old sheep, and then they both went to sleep. But the lamb did not run out of the fold any more, and the wolf had to do without any supper that night, and did not like it at all.

MY LITTLE CAT AND DOG.

MY CAT.

I like little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she 'll do me no harm;
So I 'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I very gently will play.
She will sit by my side, and I 'll give her some food,
And she 'll love me because I 'm gentle and good.

MY DOG.

I will not hurt my little dog,
  But stroke and pat his head;
I like to see him wag his tail,
  I like to see him fed.

Poor little thing, how very good,
  And very useful too;
For don't you know that he will mind
  What he is bid to do?

Then I will never hurt my dog,
  Nor ever give him pain;
But treat him kindly every day,
  And he 'll love me again.

LITTLE THINGS.

ship-yard	rot-ten	eat-en
hew-ing	look-ed	cap-tain
worm-y	num-ber	fill-ed
in-crease	dis-tant	e-vil
voy-age	tim-bers	af-ter

Two men were at work one day in a ship-yard. They were hewing a piece of timber to put into a ship. It was a small piece, and not worth much. As they cut off the chips, they found a worm, a little worm, in the wood, about half an inch long. "This wood is wormy," said one; "shall we put it in?"

"I don't know: yes, I think it may go in: it will never be seen, of course."

"Yes; but there may be other worms in it, and these may increase and injure the ship."

"No, I think not. To be sure the wood is not worth much; but I do not wish to lose it. Come, never mind the worm, we have seen *but* one; put it in." So the wormy piece of wood was put in. The ship was made, and she looked very noble indeed. She went to sea, and for a number of years did well. But it was found, on a distant voyage, that she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were found to be much eaten by the worms. The cap-

tain thought he would try to get her home; but she sprang a leak. She filled with water, and soon after sank, with all the goods and most of the crew on board.

You see that a fine ship and many lives may be lost by a little worm! And how much evil may a man do, when he does a small wrong, as he did who put the wormy timber into the ship.

RAIN-DROPS.

win-dow lock-ed rain-drops
play-things naugh-ty noth-ing

Oh where do you come from,
You little drops of rain;
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Down the window pane?

They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play;
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my playthings,
Because I broke them all,
And then they lock'd up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little rain-drops,
  Is that the way you play,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
  All the rainy day?

They say I 'm very naughty,
  So I 've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window;
  I should like to play with you.

The little rain-drops cannot speak,
  But, "pitter patter pat,"
Means, "We can play on *this* side;
  Why can't YOU play on *that?*"

THE LAMB, THE BEE, AND THE FLY.

do-ing	but-ter-cup	cup-board
be-fore	seam-per	ex-cept
mead-ows	thirs-ty	hun-ger
dai-sy	riv-er	with-in
cow-slip	win-ter	eat-ing

THE MERRY LAMB.

"Little lamb, come here and say,
What you 're doing all the day?"

"Long enough before you wake,
Breakfast I am glad to take,
In the meadows eating up
Daisy, cowslip, buttercup.
Then about the fields I play,
Frisk and scamper all the day;
When I'm thirsty I can drink
Water at the river's brink:
When at night I go to sleep,
By my mother I must keep:
I am safe enough from cold
At her side within the fold."

THE BUSY BEE.

"Little bee, come here and say,
What you 're doing all the day?"

"Oh, every day, and all day long,
Among the flowers you hear my song.
I creep in every bud I see,
And all the honey is for me:
I take it to the hive with care,
And give it to my brothers there:
That when the winter time comes on,
And all the flowers are dead and gone,
And when the wind is cold and rough,
The busy bees may have enough."

THE LAZY FLY.

"Little fly, come here and say,
What you 're doing all the day?"

"Oh, I 'm a gay and merry fly,
I never do anything, no, not I;
I go where I like, and I stay where I please,
In the heat of the sun, or the shade of the trees:
On the window pane, or on the cupboard shelf;
And I care for nothing except myself.
I cannot tell, it is very true,
When the winter comes, what I mean to do:
And I very much fear when I 'm getting old,
I shall starve with hunger, or die of cold."

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

cross-ing	ei-ther	con-tent
fan-cied	be-yond	shad-ow
din-ner	bot-tom	snatch-ed
get-ting	greed-y	sub-stance

A dog, crossing a stream, with a piece of meat in his mouth, saw his own shadow in the water, which was so still and clear that he fancied the shadow he saw to be another dog.

"Aha!" said he, "I am in luck this morning, I have my breakfast in my mouth, and now I'll

secure my dinner too." With that he snatched at the piece of meat which he saw in the shadow. But so far from getting the second piece, he dropt his own into the water, and was sadly put out to see that the other dog had dropt his too. So he had to go home without his breakfast or dinner either, for his own piece had at once sunk to the bottom, away beyond his reach.

He who is greedy, and grasps at too much, is very apt to lose what he has. Be content with what you have, even if it be little, and never give up the substance for the shadow.

LITTLE KIT.

Pretty kit, little kit,
  Oh! you're a lovely pet!
With your sleek coat, and your white throat,
  And toes as black as jet.
It's true your eye is rather green,
  But then it is so bright
That you could catch the naughty mouse
  That stole my cake last night.
Ah kitty, sweet kitty,
  You're the pet for me!
Come now, I'll rock you in my lap
  And nurse you on my knee.

Pretty kit, little kit,
  Annie's bird can sing,
Arthur's dog can carry sticks,
  And Mary's parrot swing:
But, though you do not carry sticks,
  Or sing, or swing, you are,
With your low purr and your soft fur,
  The dearest pet by far.
Yes, kitty, sweet kitty,
  You're the pet for me!
Come now, I'll rock you in my lap
  And nurse you on my knee.

Oh! you kit, naughty kit,
  What is this I find?
Annie's little bird is gone,
  And Poll's scratch'd nearly blind;
Carlo's coat is sadly torn:
  Oh dear, what shall I do?
You've feathers hanging round your mouth:
  It's all been done by you!
Fie, kitty; fly, kitty!
  You're no pet for me;
I'll neither rock you in my lap
  Nor nurse you on my knee.

I. GOOD KING ARTHUR—II. LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST.

Ar-thur	pud-ding	Red-breast
ruled	stuff-ed	Rob-in
good-ly	no-ble-men	al-most
bar-ley	be-sides	*Me-yow*

GOOD KING ARTHUR.

When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He bought three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST.

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a tree;
Up went Pussy cat,
And down came he.

Down came Pussy cat,
And away Robin ran ;
Says little Robin Redbreast,
"Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast
Jump'd upon a wall;
Pussy cat jump'd after him,
And almost got a fall.
Little Robin chirp'd and sang,
And what did Pussy say?
Pussy cat said *Meyow,*
And Robin jump'd away.

STORY OF JOSEPH.

coun-try	cat-tle	com-ing	de-ceive
Jo-seph	mean-time	them-selves	be-came
Ben-ja-min	suf-fer	eld-est	spo-ken
col-ors	pris-on	E-gypt	young-er
jeal-ous	for-got	trou-ble	mer-chants
prom-ise	fa-ther	wick-ed	short-ly
Ja-cob	host-age	a-fraid	fam-ine

In a country far away from here, there once lived an old man who had twelve sons. He loved them all very much, but he loved two of them more than all the rest. The names of these two were

Joseph and Benjamin. He loved Joseph most, and for him he made a coat of many colors. The other brothers were angry at this, and were jealous of Joseph. In that country, their flocks and herds were the chief wealth of the people, and as Jacob, the old man, had a great many cattle and sheep, the brothers were the shepherds, and had to take care of them.

They were once far away with their flocks, and as their father had not heard of them for some time, he sent Joseph to see how they were. As soon as his brothers saw him coming, they said among themselves, "Come, let us kill him." But his eldest brother said, "No; let us put him into

a deep pit." So when he came to them, they seized the poor lad, stript off his coat of many colors, and threw him into the pit.

Shortly after this, they saw some merchants, who were going to a country called Egypt, and they thought it would be a good plan to sell Joseph to these people, who would take him far away, and then he would never trouble them again. Thus these wicked brothers sold poor Joseph; but after they had done so they were afraid of their father's wrath, and so they made up their minds to deceive the old man. They took Joseph's coat and dipped it in some blood, and then brought it to their father, and said that they had found it so, and that some wild beast must have killed him. Jacob did not doubt what they told him, and wept many days for his son Joseph.

But Joseph, in the meantime, had been taken off to Egypt, and was there sold for a slave. He had to suffer a great many trials, and was once put in prison; but in all his troubles he never forgot God, but prayed to Him and put his trust in Him. At last he was brought before the king, and became very useful to him, so that he was made ruler over the king's house, and then over all the land. All this time he had never heard of his poor father, and although he was the first man in Egypt, yet he did not forget his poor father, nor did he wish to do his brothers any harm.

Now, a great famine arose in all those countries, and no one had any corn to eat. But Joseph, who had been told by God what was to come to pass, had laid up great stores, so that every one came to him to buy corn. Amongst others Joseph's own brothers came, but they did not know him, although he knew them at once. When they had got the corn, and had gone home again, they were sadly afraid, for they found that their money had been put back in their sacks. Joseph also had spoken to them as if he were angry, and had asked about their father and younger brother, and had made them promise to bring Benjamin with them when they came again. To make sure that they would do so, he had also kept one of them as a hostage, at which their father was again much grieved.

They soon had to go back to Egypt for more corn. So they took Benjamin and more money with them, and came with fear to Joseph, and told him how they had found their money in their sacks. Joseph did not seem to know them, wishing to try them, but after a while he told them who he was. At this they were much afraid, but he soon told them he was not angry, and sent them away happy. How noble it was in Joseph to forgive his wicked brothers!

So Joseph sent wagons for Jacob and all his people and his goods, and the king gave him a

large tract of country for himself, and there they lived with their flocks and herds in peace and plenty.

When Jacob heard that Joseph was still alive he could not believe it; but when the wagons came, and he and his people were taken to Egypt, and Jacob had seen Joseph again, he cried out, "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive."

THE LAMB'S LULLABY.

un-til	sum-mer	peace-ful
help-less	lis-ten	shel-ter-ed
re-joice	sooth-ing	gath-ers
chil-ly	e-ven-ing	a-larms
lul-la-by	bit-ter	du-ti-ful

The pretty little lambs that lie
And sleep upon the grass,
Have none to sing them lullaby,
But the night winds as they pass.

While I, a happy little maid,
Bid dear papa good-night,
And in my crib so warm am laid,
And tuck'd up snug and tight.

And then some pretty hymn Ann sings,
Until to sleep I go;
But the young helpless lambs, poor things,
Have none to lull them so.

Haste, kind mamma, and call them here,
Where they 'll be warm as I;
For in the chilly fields, I fear,
Before the morn they 'll die.

MOTHER.

The lamb sleeps in the fields, 'tis true,
Without a lullaby;
And yet they are as warm as you,
Beneath a summer sky

They choose some dry and grassy spot,
  Beneath the shady trees;
To other songs they listen not
  Than the soothing evening breeze.

And when the night is bitter cold,
  The shepherd comes with care,
And leads them to his peaceful fold;
  They 're safe and shelter'd there.

How happy are the lambs, my love,
  How safe and calm they rest!
But you a Shepherd have above,
  Of all kind shepherds best.

His lambs He gathers in His arms,
  And in His bosom bears;
How blest, how safe from all alarms,
  Each child His love who shares!

Oh, if you 'll be His gentle child,
  And listen to His voice,
Be loving, dutiful, and mild,
  How will mamma rejoice!

—*Mary Lundie Duncan.*

ALFRED AND HIS GARDEN.

Al-fred	watch-ed	emp-ty
An-nie	rath-er	wis-er
gar-den	dan-cing	sun-shine
fall-ing	doc-tor	wher-ev-er
plant-ing	cro-cus	win-ter
put-ting	yel-low	sis-ter
flow-ers	drag-ging	weath-er
re-plied	blos-soms	tu-lips

Last year, when the leaves were falling off the trees, Alfred and Annie went to see their aunt, who lives in an old farmhouse, and who has a very large

garden. They found her very busy planting roots in the garden, and putting them in with much care. "Why do you plant those old dead roots, aunt?" said Alfred. "They are not dead, Alfred," his aunt replied, "they will bear fine flowers in the spring, if the frost does not kill them. I will give you some for your garden if you like." "Oh, thank you, aunt," said Alfred, for he loved new flowers for his garden; and he watched his aunt that he might know how to plant them.

"Would you like some, too, Annie?" asked the kind aunt. "No, thank you," said Annie, who was very young—too young to know that roots could come to flowers. "I would rather have a bunch of those pretty big flowers, and I will plant them when I get home." "They will die," said Alfred, "for they have no roots." "I don't want roots," said Annie; and so her aunt gave her the flowers. "Annie will be wiser next year, Alfred," she said; "'live and learn,' you know."

So Alfred and Annie went home, and were busy planting till bedtime; and when Annie called her mother to look, there was her garden full of gay flowers, but they had stalks and no roots; Alfred's made no show, but the roots were lying under the mould, and Alfred could wait. "Come and look at my garden in spring, mother," he said.

When the spring came, and the April winds had dried up the wet soil, and May sunshine came out

by fits and starts, Alfred went to see if his roots were showing signs of life. The bright green leaves were just coming out on the trees, the birds were busy with their nests, the wind was soft and sweet, and there was a smell of flowers in the air. Alfred felt as if his heart were dancing with joy, the spring made him so glad; when he came to his little garden he found, wherever he had planted a root, a bright green bud was coming up, or else there was a bunch of narrow green leaves, or a long flower-bud, with a white nightcap on it. The first were tulips; the long green leaves were snowdrops; and the flower with a nightcap was a crocus. "How gay my garden will be!" said Alfred; "and there is Annie's without a flower."

Now, Annie had been so ill in the winter, that she had grown quite pale and thin, and the doctor said she must not go out till May, for then the weather would be mild. When Alfred thought of his poor pale little sister, he was sorry her garden looked so empty, and he thought to himself, "Suppose I weed it for her;" so he pulled up the weeds and raked it over. Then he thought, "Suppose I put some of my roots in it;" so he dug up some roots with plenty of mould round them, and planted them in Annie's garden. And when he had dug up and planted the snowdrops, he thought he could spare the crocuses; and when he had planted the crocuses, he said, "There is just room for the tulips." So Alfred's

garden was soon empty, and Annie's was quite full, but Alfred was not sorry; he felt quite happy to think how pleased his little sister would be. It was a bright May day when Annie came out, and Alfred drew her gently along the paths in a little garden-chair. He had never told what he had done to any one, but his mother had seen it, and she loved her boy for being so kind to his sister. "Why, Alfred," said Annie, when they came to his garden, "where are your roots that were to turn to flowers?" "Here they are, Annie," said Alfred, dragging her along to her own garden, "they have all run away from me, and are come to live with you!"

Then Annie threw her arms about Alfred's neck and said, "Thank you, my dear, dear brother, you are very kind. I never saw anything more lovely than your flowers."

I. JENNY WREN.—II. THE YOUNG NESTLINGS.

nest-lings	gap-ing	prop-er	catch-ing
Jen-ny	some-thing	hop-ped	fam-i-ly
plain-ly	reck-on	know-ing	pleased
down-y	dain-ty	fold-ed	some-bod-y
snug-ly	re-turns	search-ed	sel-dom

JENNY WREN.

Jenny Wren fell sick
Upon a merry time;

In came Robin Redbreast
And brought her sops of wine

Eat well of the sops, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine:
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Jenny she got well
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly,
She loved him not a bit.

Robin, being angry,
Hopp'd on a twig,
Saying, Out upon you,
Fye upon you, bold-faced jig.

THE YOUNG NESTLINGS.

Did you ever see the nest
Of a robin or a linnet,
When the little downy birds
Are lying snugly in it,

Gaping wide their yellow mouths
For something nice to eat?
Snail, or slug, or worm, or grub
They reckon dainty meat.

When the mother-bird returns,
And finds them still and good,
She will give them, each by turns,
A proper share of food.

She has hopp'd from spray to spray,
And peep'd with knowing eye
Into all the folded leaves,
Where worms and grubs do lie.

She has search'd among the grass,
And flown from tree to tree,
Catching gnats and flies, to feed
Her little family.

I have seen the robins chirp
And shake their downy wings;
They are pleased to see her come,
And pleased with what she brings.

But I never saw them look
In a hurry for their food;
Somebody, at dinner time,
Is seldom quite so good.

I. THE FOX AND THE GOAT.—II. THE HONEST BOY.

parch-ed	hear-ing	hob-ble
trem-bled	craft-y	pleas-ant
want-ed	leav-ing	trot-ted
Rey-nard	an-swer	chil-dren
trust-ed	cun-ning	rea-son

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

One hot summer day, a fox parched with thirst tried, in vain, to find some water. At last he came to a well, and in trying to get at the water tumbled into it.

He had now more water than he wanted, although the water was not very deep; and when he had drunk his fill, he cast about to see how he could

get out again. But the sides of the well were so steep that he could not climb up.

After he had thus been in the well for some time, a goat came to the brink wanting to get some water also. So he asked the fox if the water was good.

"Good!" said Reynard, "ay, so good that I am afraid I have taken too much of it."

The goat, upon hearing this, without more ado, leaped in; and the crafty fox jumped on the poor goat's back, and so got out, leaving his poor dupe at the bottom of the well to shift for himself.

"Ah," said the goat, "what a pity I did not think how sly and cunning the fox is before I trusted his lying words, and I might have saved myself from this hobble!"

THE HONEST BOY.

At one time lived a little boy
With curly hair and pleasant eye,
A boy who always told the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,
The little children all would cry,
"There goes the curly-headed boy,
The boy that never tells a lie."

And everybody loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
'Twas said, "There goes the honest youth."

And when the people that stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this,
"Because he never tells a lie."

I. TWO UNKIND GOATS.—II. TWO KIND GOATS.

mo-ment	will-ing	safe-ly
an-oth-er	mid-dle	crouch-ed
be-tween	drown-ed	soft-ly
nei-ther	jour-ney	un-kind

TWO UNKIND GOATS.

Two goats, who had long fed in the same meadow, set out to take a journey across the moun

tains. One goat went one way, and the other went another way.

After some time they met again, but a stream of water ran between them; and over the stream was laid a plank of wood, so narrow that there was only just room for one goat to cross at a time.

Now these goats were proud, and neither of them was willing to let the other cross first. "I have as good a right to the bridge as you have," said the one. "The bridge was as much made for me as for you," said the other.

Thus they did nothing but dispute for some time, until at last one goat set his foot on the plank, and the other did the same. They looked very fierce at each other, as much as to say, "I will go on in spite of you."

And so they did; but when they met in the middle, there was no room for them to pass; so they both slipt into the water and were drowned.

TWO KIND GOATS.

Two kind goats always lived in peace, and tried to help each other. One goat was ill, and the other brought him green herbs from a field far off; the sick goat ate the herbs and they cured him.

The other goat had a pretty little kid, which she loved dearly. One day when the goat had gone out, a rude boy came to take the kid; but the goat that had been ill, and was cured by the herbs, poked

the boy with his horns until he ran away, and he took good care of the kid till its mother came home.

Once when these two goats were out on a journey they met in the middle of a very narrow bridge, just as the two unkind goats did, but they did not push each other into the water. No! They stood still a moment looking at each other; then one of them crouched down on the bridge, and let the other walk over his back.

You may be sure that the goat who had to walk on the other, took care to step softly, and not to hurt so kind a friend.

Thus they both got safely over the bridge; and all who knew them loved the two kind goats.

PART II.

THE FAIRY RING.

sport-ing	cir-cle	tress-es
sea-sons	au-tumn	fast-er

Let us laugh and let us sing,
Dancing in a merry ring;

We 'll be fairies on the green,
Sporting round the Fairy Queen.

Like the seasons of the year,
Round we circle in a sphere;
I 'll be summer, you 'll be spring,
Dancing in a fairy ring.

Harry will be winter wild;
Little Charlie autumn mild;
Summer, autumn, winter, spring,
Dancing in a fairy ring.

Spring and summer glide away,
Autumn comes with tresses gray;
Winter, hand in hand with spring
Dancing in a fairy ring.

Faster, faster, round we go,
While our cheeks like roses glow,
Free as birds upon the wing,
Dancing in a fairy ring.

THE BOY AND THE CROW.

shin-ing	flap-ping	mas-ter
sweet-ly	loud-er	heav-y
bun-dle	of-ten	un-der
fel-low	clev-er	soft-er
laugh-ing	twen-ty	turn-in
your-self	high-est	look-ing

"I will not go to school," said little Tommy; "I will stay in the fields and play all day long."

It was the first of May, and the sun was shining, and the air smelt sweetly as it does in spring; so Tommy sat down on a soft bank under a tree, and threw his books to one side.

"I will not go to school," he said again; "this

bank is softer than the form at school, and I like to see the lambs and flowers better than books and slates."

Just as he said this, he looked up into a tree, and saw an old crow sitting there, and close by him a nest very much like a bundle of sticks.

"Here's a pretty fellow," said the crow; "he says he won't go to school. Here's a pretty dunce;" and all the crows began to say, "Caw! caw! caw!" as if they were laughing at Tommy.

"What! you do not like work?" said the crow again. "O you idle boy; you are worse than a bird. Do you think I am idle? Look at my nest; what do you think of it?"

"I daresay it is a very nice one," said Tommy "but I should not like to live in it."

"No, because you are only a boy, and not so wise as a crow," said his new friend; and all the crows cried, "Caw! caw! caw!" again, as if they thought so too.

"Do you know why a crow is wiser than a silly boy?" asked the crow, putting his head on one side, and looking down at Tommy with his bright black eye.

"No," said Tommy; "I thought boys were wiser than crows."

"You thought!" said the crow; "a great deal you know about it. Can you build a house for yourself, pray?"

"No," said Tommy; "but when I am a man I shall be able."

"And why can't you do it now?" said the crow, turning his head to the other side, and looking at Tommy with the other eye.

"Why, I have not learnt," said the little boy.

"Ho, ho!" said the crow, flapping his wings and hopping round and round. "He must *learn* to build a house, this wise fellow! Here's a pretty boy—here's a wise boy!"

All the crows, when they heard this, flapped their wings too, and cried, "Caw! caw! caw!" louder than before.

"No one taught me to build my house," said the crow, when they were quiet again. "I knew how to do it at once; and look what a nice house it is. I brought all the sticks that it is made of myself. I flew through the air with them in my mouth—some of them were very heavy, but I do not mind hard work. I am not like a little boy I know." And the crow shook his head and looked so hard at Tommy, that he felt as if his master were looking at him, and was quite afraid.

"But there are other things in the world besides houses," said Tommy.

"Yes, indeed," said the crow. "I was just thinking so. You want clothes, as well as a house."

"That we do," said Tommy, "and new ones very often; but you birds can't wear clothes."

"Who told you that?" said the crow, in a very sharp tone. "Look at my coat, if you please, and tell me if you ever saw a finer suit of black than mine. Could you make yourself such a suit?"

"No," said Tommy, "but I can learn."

"Yes, yes, you can learn; but that is the way with you silly boys. You must learn everything, and yet you are too idle to set about it."

Tommy felt that the crow had the best of it. "Dear me," he said to himself, "I never thought crows were so wise and clever."

"You may well say that," said the crow, coming down on a bough a little nearer to Tommy; "but there is more for you to learn yet. How about your food, Master Tom? Who gives you your food?"

"Why, mother does, to be sure," said Tommy.

"You are a baby, then?"

"No, indeed, I am not," said Tommy; "and I will throw a stone at you if you say I am."

"Boys should never throw stones," said the crow, gravely. "We never throw stones; it is a very foolish trick. I only asked if you were a baby, because when a crow can go alone, he finds his own food."

"I shall do that when I am grown up," said Tommy. "I shall then learn how."

"Dear me," said the crow, "you have a great deal to learn before you can be as wise as a crow."

"That is true," said Tommy, hanging his head; "but there is plenty of time."

"I am not so sure of that," said the crow. "You are as big as twenty crows, and yet you are not as wise as *one*. A pretty fellow to come and lie on the grass all day, when you are such a dunce. Go to school! go to school! go to school!" All the crows took up the cry, and made such a noise, that Tommy picked up his books to throw at them; but they flew up into the highest tree, and cried out, "Caw! caw! caw!" till Tommy could bear it no longer. He put his hands over his ears, and ran off to school as hard as he could. He was just in time, and did his lessons well, and went home quite happy, for his master said that he had been a good boy.

As he passed by the tree, the old crow was sitting there, but did not look at Tommy. "Come, come," said Tommy, "do not be cross, old friend, I threw my book at you, because I was cross with myself for being idle and foolish." But the crow looked as if he had not said a word in his life, and had never seen Tommy before.

So the little boy went home and told his mother; but she said birds did not talk, and he must have been to sleep and dreamt it. But Tommy does not think so; and when he feels idle he always says to himself, "Come, come, Master Tommy, you must work hard, for you are not yet as wise as an old black crow."

I. MY LITTLE BROTHER.—II. THE BLIND BOY.

smil-ing	for-get-ting	a-wake
hon-ey	bless-ings	al-ways
mead-ow	won-drous	de-stroy

MY LITTLE BROTHER.

Little brother, darling boy,
You are very dear to me;
I am happy, full of joy,
When your smiling face I see.

How I wish that you could speak,
And could know the words I say!
Pretty stories I would seek,
To amuse you all the day.

All about the honey-bees,
Flying past us in the sun;
Birds that sing among the trees,
Lambs that in the meadow run.

I'll be very kind to you,
Never strike or make you cry,
As some naughty children do,
Quite forgetting God is nigh.

Shake your rattle—here it is—
Listen to its merry noise;
And when you are tired of this,
I will bring you other toys.

—*Mary Lundie Duncan.*

THE BLIND BOY.

O say what is the thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;

I feel him warm, but how can he,
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I always keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

Then let not what I cannot have,
My cheer of mind destroy;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

I. THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.—II. THE CAT AND THE CREAM-JUG.

pitch-er	wis-dom	fin-ish-ed
ef-forts	in-clined	con-tents
re-sult	jump-ed	hearth-rug
la-bor	in-stead	man-age

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A crow, that was very thirsty, flew to a pitcher, hoping to find some water in it. Water there was, but so little of it that, with all her efforts, the poor crow could not so much as wet the tip of her bill.

"Never mind," said the crow to herself, "where there's a will there's a way." A bright thought came into her little black head: she could not reach down to the water, but she might make the water rise up to her.

The crow picked up a pebble, and dropt it into the pitcher; another, and then another. And as each one sank to the bottom, the water rose higher.

Before the crow had dropt in ten pebbles, she began to see the results of her labor, and she soon

drank, at her ease, of the water which, but for her wisdom, she would never have been able to reach.

THE CAT AND THE CREAM-JUG.

One day, a jug of cream had been left on the table, and puss, who had been lying snugly on the hearth-rug, was left in the room alone. Now, puss was inclined to seize any good thing that she could lay her paws on, and although she had often been made to suffer for it, yet she never seemed to mind.

This was too good a chance to be lost, so puss jumped up on the table; but what was her distress when she found that the neck of the jug was so small that she could not manage to get her head into it!

"Must I upset it?" said puss. "No, that will never do, for I have before now been made to suffer for doing such things, and besides I should lose a good deal of that fine rich cream."

At last a bright thought came into her head, and instead of trying to get her head in, she dipped her paw into the cream, and then licked it, until she had finished all the contents of the jug.

So puss curled herself up on the hearth-rug again as nicely as you please, and thought it was quite true, that "where there's a will there's a way."

I. DIRTY TIM.—II. SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

re-port-ed	de-cent	glad-ly
dis-grace	sel-dom	count-ing-house
six-pence	o-pen-ed	par-lor
black-birds	dain-ty	hon-ey

DIRTY TIM.

There was one little Tim.
'Twas reported of him,
And 'twill be to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With his hands at all clean,
Nor ever yet wash'd was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often they made him quite clean;
But all was in vain,
He was dirty again,
And never was fit to be seen.

When to wash he was sent,
Never gladly he went,
With water he 'd splash himself o'er;
But he seldom was seen,
To wash himself clean,
And often look'd worse than before.

The idle and bad,
Like this little lad,
May be dirty and black, to be sure;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
Out came a little bird
And snapt off her nose.

I. SUSY'S LITTLE SERVANTS.—II. THINGS TO BE KEPT IN MIND.

per-haps	rose-leaves	shov-el
use-less	no-tice	din-ner
cous-ins	rest-less	puz-zled
as-cent	use-ful-ly	em-ploy-ment
bo-soms	cheer-ful-ly	scrip-ture

SUSY'S LITTLE SERVANTS.

Little Susy had a kind mother to take care of her, so you will perhaps wonder why she had a great many servants of her own. I shall tell you of only a very few, and then you can ask your mother to talk to you about the others. For the little servants Susy had you have too.

When first she was born, she did not know what they were for, or where they were. They did not know either, and so they were useless. Two of them were black, and so much alike, that you could not tell the one from the other. Susy kept them almost always shut up, so that nobody could see them. When her aunts and cousins came to see Susy, they would say: "I should think she might let *us* see them!" and would go away quite vexed. These black servants were bright little things, and they soon learned to amuse Susy a great deal. One of the first things they did for her was to let her see the fire, and that she thought very pretty.

Susy had another pair of twins for her servants, who knew so little what they were for, that they used to slap and scratch her face. Her mother said she should have to tie them up, if they did so. But though they did not know how to behave, they were very pretty, tiny things, like rose-leaves, or anything else soft and pink you can think of.

Susy had another pair of twins that she took no notice of for some months. They did not learn how to wait upon her so soon as some of the others did. They were restless little fat things, seldom still a moment, and almost all they knew was how to kick holes in her socks.

Susy had still another pair of twins that were very useful, for without them she would never have heard her mother sing, or her father whistle, or the shovel and tongs fall down and make such an alarming noise, nor the pussy-cat say "mew!" nor the doggie say "bow-wow!"

She had one more little servant that she kept out of sight all the time. All it was good for at first was to help her to a good many breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers, every day. But it became good for a great deal more after a while.

If I go on in this way, I'm afraid you will be much puzzled. So if you will guess the names of these servants of Susy's, I will give you three guesses, and if you do not guess right the third time, you will have to peep into the glass, where

you will see most of your own that I have talked about.

THINGS TO BE KEPT IN MIND.

Little knees should lowly bend
At the time of prayer;
Little thoughts to heaven ascend,
To our Father there.

Little hands should usefully
In employment move;
Little feet should cheerfully
Run on works of love.

Little tongues should speak the truth,
As by Scripture taught;
Little lips should ne'er be loath
To confess a fault.

Little ears should listen to
All the Bible says;
Little bosoms throb to do
What the Lord will please.

Little infants dying go
To the world above;
And our souls shall join them too,
If we Jesus love.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

vil-lage	wood-cut-ters	pil-low	mis-take
grand-ma	civ-il	cur-tains	sneez-ed
vel-vet	sniff-ed	lick-ing	grand-child
nice-ly	child-like	wait-ing	tap-ped
late-ly	wo-man	pluck-ing	nod-ded
but-ter	night-cap	po-sey	cress-es
bas-ket	night-gown	hunts-man	sip-ped

Far away in the heart of the country, near a pretty village, there once lived a little girl. She was one of the sweetest and best children you ever saw.

Her mother loved her dearly, and her grand-

mother was very fond of her too. Grandma had given her darling a little hood of red velvet, and this became her so well, that every one who knew her always called her by the name of Little Red Riding-Hood.

Well, one day her mother baked a batch of cakes, and she said to Red Riding-Hood :—

"I hear your poor grandma has not been well lately ; so I want you to go, like a good child, to see if she is any better. Take this cake and a pot of butter with you."

Little Red Riding-Hood, who was a dear willing child, put the things into a basket with great care, and off she set. The house in which her grandma lived was on the other side of a thick wood.

On ran little Red Riding-Hood ; but, just as she came to the wood, what should she meet but a great ugly wolf. The wolf would have liked to have eaten her up then and there ; but you must know, there were some wood-cutters hard by, and they would soon have killed him in turn.

So the wolf trotted up to the little girl, and said as softly as he could, "Good morning, Little Red Riding-Hood."

"Good morning, Master Wolf," said she.

"And where may you be going so early?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm going to grandma's," said Little Red Riding-Hood ; for she thought there was no harm in being civil.

"Indeed! And what have you got in the basket, my pretty maid?" asked the wolf, as he sniffed and sniffed at the lid.

"Oh," said she, "only a cake and a pot of butter; for my granny is ill, you know."

"Dear me!" cried the wolf, "and where does she live, pray?"

"Down by the mill, through the wood," said she.

"Well, if that's the case," said the wolf, "I don't mind going and seeing her too. I shall go by the road, now, *you* take the path through the wood, and let us see who will be there first."

Away went the wolf, and he made all haste, as you may guess. Sure enough he stood at granny's door in a very short time.

Thump, thump went the wolf at the door.

"Who's there?" cried out grandma, from within.

Then the wolf said, in a small, child-like voice, "It's only Little Red Riding-Hood; and I've brought you a cake and a pot of butter from mother."

So grandma, who was in bed, cried out, "Pull the string, my dear, and it will lift the latch."

This the great ugly wolf did, and in he went. As soon as he was in, he fell on the poor old woman, and ate her up in a trice. Next, he shut the door, put on grandma's night-cap and night-gown, and got into the bed. Then he drew the curtains quite close, and hid his head on the pillow.

There the ugly wolf lay, how merry you can't think, licking his lips, and waiting for Little Red Riding-Hood.

All this while she toddled on through the wood, here plucking a wild flower, there picking some nice berries for her grandma. Then down she sat on a mossy bank to sort her flowers, red, blue, and yellow.

In a little while a wasp came up to her. He buzzed about, and at last dropped on Red Riding-Hood's posey of flowers.

"Sip away, my poor little wasp; and take as much honey as you like," said Little Red Riding-Hood.

The wasp hummed his thanks, as he flew from flower to flower; and when he had sipped enough away he sped.

Soon a little wren hopped up, and he began to peck with his wee bill at a berry. "Peck away, my little wren, as much as you like, only leave enough for grandma and me," said Riding-Hood.

"Tweet, tweet," said the wee wren, for "Thank you." So he ate his fill, and away he flew.

Now Little Red Riding-Hood thought it was high time for her to get on her way, so she picked up her basket and set off. Soon she came to a brook, and there she saw an old woman, bent almost double.

"What are you looking for, Goody?" said the little girl.

"For water-cresses, my pretty chick," said she; "and a poor trade it is, let me tell you."

Little Red Riding-Hood gave Goody a bit of cake, saying, "Sit down, Goody, and eat. I will pick the water-cresses for you." So the old woman sat down and ate the cake, while Riding-Hood got a heap of cresses.

"There 's a dear!" said Goody. "Now, if you meet the Green Huntsman on your way, tell him there 's game in the wind."

That she would; and away went Red Riding-Hood, but when she looked round, the old woman was gone.

Little Red Riding-Hood looked everywhere for the Green Huntsman, but she could not see him, until at last, just as she was passing a still pool, she met him. He was all green from top to toe, so that she could not mistake him.

"Good morning, Master Huntsman," said little Red Riding-Hood. "The old water-cress woman bade me tell you that there 's game in the wind."

The Green Huntsman nodded, but said nothing. He bent his ear to the ground, strung his bow and fitted an arrow, while Little Red Riding-Hood toddled away, trying to think what it could all mean.

In a short time she got to her grandma's house, and she tapped at the door.

"Who 's there?" cried the wolf from within, in a queer, gruff sort of voice.

"It 's only your grandchild, Red Riding-Hood; and I 've brought you a nice cake and a pot of fresh butter from mother."

Then said the wolf more mildly, "Pull the string, my dear, and it will lift the latch." So she did as she was bid, and in she went.

Now the wolf hid his head under the bedclothes, and said, "Put the cake and pot of butter on the shelf, my pet, and then come and help me to get up."

Well, Little Red Riding-Hood did so, but when she came up to help her grandma, and drew back the curtains, she could not make out how her grandma had got so ugly. So she said,

"Dear me, grandma, what long arms you 've got!"

"The better to hug you, my dear."

"But, grandma, what great eyes you 've got!"

"The better to see you, my child."

"But, grandma, what big teeth you 've got!"

"The better to eat you up," said the wolf, as he got ready to make a spring on her.

But, at that moment, the wasp, who had come into the house along with Riding-Hood, stung the wolf on the nose, so that he sneezed and sneezed again.

Then the little wren, who was sitting on the window-sill, when he heard this, said, "Tweet, tweet!"

And the Green Huntsman, who was outside,

hearing the wren, let fly his arrow, and it struck the wolf through the heart, and killed him on the spot.

Sweet Little Red Riding-Hood's mother
Ties on her scarlet hood,
And sends her with gifts to her grandam,
All through the lonely wood.

The midsummer sun, through the green boughs,
Sent gleams of dancing light,
And the child ran hither and thither,
Gathering the blossoms bright.

A little wren follows her footsteps;
A wolf creeps slyly near;
But she hears the axe of the woodman,
And greets him without fear.

He wins her to tell him her errand;
Then slyly steals away;
When Red Riding-Hood lingers longer
With butterflies at play.

To her grandmother's lowly dwelling
The wolf is gone meanwhile;
And the lonely woman has perish'd,
The victim of his guile.

The fair child taps at her grandam's door,
Half wearied now with play;

'Pull the string and the latch will come up,"
She hears a gruff voice say.

She enters and lays aside her hood;
And cries in wild surprise,
"O grandam, what long sharp teeth you have!
And ah! what fearful eyes!"

The wolf would have kill'd her; but shrilly
Her loud cry pierced the wood;
And the brave woodman came and slew him,
And saved Red Riding-Hood.

I. THE BOB O' LINK AND THE MOWER.—II. ROBIN REDBREAST AND JENNY WREN.

tin-kle	mak-ing	hov-er	cur-rant
Mis-ter	clat-ter	scent-ed	gold-finch
Nink-um	both-er	dain-ti-ly	pea-cock
Link-um	clo-ver	gal-lant	ap-point
prith-ee	un-heed-ing	re-quest-ing	blush-ed
mat-ter	bloom-ing	dear-est	de-clared

THE BOB O' LINK AND THE MOWER.

Tinkle, tinkle, Mister Ninkum,
I am a merry Bob o' Linkum;
Prithee, tell me what 's the matter,
That you 're making such a clatter;

Can't you let us honest folks
Sing our songs and crack our jokes?
It is cruel, Mister Ninkum,
Thus to bother Bob o' Linkum.
I had thought the meadow mine,
With its blossoms all so fine;
And I made my little nest
Near the clover all so blest.

But you come, O naughty Ninkum!
All unheeding Bob o' Linkum;
And you swing your saucy blade,
Where my little nest is made;
And you cut the blooming clover,
Which did wrap *my* young ones over.

Get you gone, O naughty Ninkum !
Leave the field to Bob o' Linkum ;
Let him on his light wing hover
O'er the summer's scented clover :
Let him sing his merry song,
And he 'll thank you all day long.

—*Fagots for the Fireside.*

ROBIN REDBREAST AND JENNY WREN.

'Twas once upon a time,
When Jenny Wren was young,
So daintily she danced,
And so prettily she sung ;
Robin Redbreast lost his heart,
For he was a gallant bird ;
He doff'd his hat to Jenny Wren,
Requesting to be heard.

O dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
Then you shall feed on cherry-pie,
And drink new currant wine ;
I 'll dress you like a goldfinch,
Or any peacock gay ;
So, dearest Jen, if you 'll be mine,
Let us appoint the day.

Jenny blush'd behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind :
Since, dearest Bob, I love you well,
I take your offer kind ;

Cherry-pie is very nice,
And so is currant wine;
But I must wear my plain brown gown,
And never go too fine.

Robin Redbreast rose betimes
All at the break of day,
And he flew to Jenny Wren's house,
And sung a merry lay.
He sung of Robin Redbreast
And little Jenny Wren;
And when he came unto the end,
He then began again.

SUSY'S DINNER PARTY.

won-der	be-haved	some-thing
sau-cer	greed-y	qui-et-ly
pud-ding	comb-ed	of-fer-ed
wait-ing	brush-ed	ev-e-ry

Susy thought she would give a dinner party among her friends. So, when they had come in from their walk, Susy said it was time for their party to begin.

You will wonder who were to join the party, so I may as well tell you at once. No less than her little brother Robbie and all the Dolls—old and young. And a nice little party it was, I can tell you.

Susy laid out her own table, and set a cup and saucer for each; also a plate and spoon for each. Then she brought out of the cupboard such lots of nice things that mother had given her. First, there were cake and toast, and a nicely cut orange; then, there were apple-pie and plum-pudding and some candies.

Well, they were all waiting—little Robbie and the Dolls; so Susy set to and made the "milk-tea," as she called it. After that they all sat down together—Susy and the new wax doll at the head of the table, and Robbie, with old Peggy without a nose, and black Dinah at the foot.

Oh, what a nice feast, and what a nice party to eat it all up.

Robbie behaved like a gentleman. He drank his tea and ate his cake and apple-pie without being greedy, and then he didn't pull or knock things about, you know.

The Dollies, too, were very good. They did not fall over on their faces, as some ill-bred Dollies do; nor slip from their chairs; nor push each other.

Well, just as they all began to enjoy themselves, who should pop in but Mushy! Now Mushy was a shaggy little dog; and as he never combed or brushed himself, he was not told to come. But, as he thought something nice was going on, in he came by himself.

Susy, like a lady, gave him a seat at the table, but he would not sit quietly on his hind legs at all. Susy offered him a cup of tea, then a bit of cake, then some plum-pudding—but no! Mushy turned up his nose at everything. You never saw such an ill-behaved little dog.

But after tea they had romps round the room; and Mushy joined in the fun. He frisked about, and barked, and got under the chairs and on the table. He scared all the Dolls out of their wits; but Susy and Robbie knew it was all fun, and so they played on till it was time to go to bed.

—*Susy's Six Birthdays.*

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS.

Sil-ver-locks	pierc-ing	cor-rect	bro-ken
neck-lace	brush-ing	pep-per	some-times
par-lor	cool-ed	burn-ed	break-ing
sly-ly	steam-ing	hap-pen	thun-der
bold-ly	wood-en	wil-ful	grum-bled
chanced	mis-chief	cush-ion	hu-mor
Bru-in	swell-ing	spoon-ful	squeak-ed
shag-gy	Christ-mas	mad-cap	sleep-y
small-er	dream-ing	drop-ped	star-tled
fu-ry	med-dled	se-vere	rum-pled

A very long time ago, there was a bold, rude

little girl, who lived in a far off country, and the village people called her Silverlocks, because her curly hair was so light and shiny. She was a sad romp, and so full of her pranks, that her parents could never keep her quiet at home.

One day when she had been told not to go out, she trotted off into a wood, to string necklaces of blossoms, to chase the bees, and to pull wild roses; and she ran about from place to place, until at last she came to a lonely spot, where she saw a pretty-looking small house. Finding the door a little way open, and the parlor window also, she peeped in, but could see no one; and slyly she laughed to think what fine fun she would have before the good folks came back: so she made up her mind to go boldly into the house and look about her.

Now it chanced that a family of three bears was living in this house; the first was the great papa, called Rough Bruin, from his thick shaggy coat; the second was a smaller bear, called Mrs Bruin, and sometimes Mammy Muff, from her soft fur; the third was a little funny brown bear, their own dear pet, called Tiny. The house was empty when little Silverlocks found it out, because the bears had all gone out for a morning walk. Before going from home the great bear had told Mrs Bruin to rub down Tiny's face, and make him tidy, while he was busy in brushing his own hair, that all three might have a pleasant walk in the woods, while the rich rabbit-

soup, which they were to have for dinner, cooled upon the table in the parlor: when they were all ready they went out for their walk, and they left both the door and the window a little open.

In the Bears' house there were only a parlor and a bedroom, and when that saucy puss, Silverlocks, threw open the door and went in, she found there was a pleasant smell, as if something nice had just been cooked, and on looking in the parlor, she saw three jars of steaming soup standing on the table; dinner having been got ready for the three bears by Mrs Bruin. There was a big black jar quite full of soup for Rough Bruin, a smaller white jar of soup for Mammy Muff, and a little blue jar for Tiny, and with every jar there was a deep wooden spoon. The little girl was now as hungry as she was full of mischief, and felt quite glad when she saw the soup-jars on the table. It did not take her long to make up her mind how to act—taste the nice-smelling soup she would, happen what might. It would, she thought, be such good fun; she would then run home again, and have a fine tale to tell old Mike the groom, one that would make him laugh till Christmas; for that silly fellow, too, liked mischief, and taught Silverlocks all sorts of foolish tricks, and laughed at all her naughty ways, which was surely not the best plan to cure her faults, and make a good child of her.

After looking outside to see that no one was

coming, she began first to taste the soup in Rough Bruin's great jar, but it was so very hot with pepper that it burned her mouth and throat; then she tried Mammy Muff's jar, but the soup was too salt —there was no bread in it either, and she did not like it at all; then she tried Tiny's soup, and she found it was just to her taste, and had nice bits of white bread in it, so that she would have it and run all risks. Now, before the little wilful child sat down to eat Master Tiny's soup, as she was tired she looked for a seat, and she saw there were three chairs in the room; one, a very large oak chair, was the great bear's seat; another of a smaller size, with a velvet cushion, was Mrs Bruin's chair; and a little chair with a rush bottom belonged to the little bear Tiny. These chairs Silverlocks tried all in turn. She could not sit in the very large chair, it was so hard; she did not like the smaller chair, it was too soft; but the little chair with the rush bottom, she found to be very nice, indeed, it was just the thing; and so she sat down in it with the jar upon her knees, and began to enjoy herself. She dipped and dipped again, eating away till she had eaten up all the soup in the little blue jar; not leaving one bit or drop of either bread, meat, or soup for the poor little bear, who at that very minute was begging the old folks to go home to their dinner—for indeed all three were hungry enough rich their walk.

Just as Silverlocks had taken the last spoonful of soup and had got up on the chair, to put back the jar upon the table, the bottom of the chair fell out, and she tumbled on the floor; but she was not hurt, and the little mad-cap jumped up and danced round the broken chair, thinking it all fine fun. Silverlocks then began to wonder where the stairs could lead to, so up she went into the bedroom, where the bears used to sleep, and there she saw three beds side by side. Now one of these was a large bed for the big bear, there was also a smaller bed for Mrs Bruin, and a nice little bed for master Tiny. Being sleepy, she thought she would lie down and have a bit of a nap; so, after taking off her shoes, she first jumped on to the largest bed, but it was made so high at the top that she could not lie on it; she then tried the next bed, but that was too high at the foot; but she found the little bear's bed to be just right, so she got snugly into it. She let her cheek rest gently on the soft pillow, and watched the vine nodding in at a broken window pane, and the blue-fly buzzing about in the fold of the curtain, till she fell fast asleep, and dreamed about the same thing over and over again, often laughing in her sleep too, because the dream was all about her breaking the little chair.

While she was dreaming away, the bears came home very tired and hungry, and went to look after their soup. The big bear cried out in a loud, angry voice;

"WHO HAS MEDDLED WITH MY SOUP?"

Mammy Muff next said in a loud voice too, but not so gruffly as Rough Bruin:

"WHO HAS MEDDLED WITH MY SOUP?"

But when the little bear saw his jar lying empty on the table, he bit his paws for grief, and asked over and over again, with his shrill little voice:

"*Who has meddled with my soup?*"

Soon after the big bear, with a voice of thunder, said:

"WHO HAS BEEN IN MY CHAIR, AND PUT IT OUT OF ITS PLACE?"

And Mrs Bruin grumbled out:

"WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR, AND PUT IT OUT OF ITS PLACE?"

But poor Tiny was more angry than either of them, and sadly sobbed as he cried:

"*Who has been sitting in my little chair, and broken it?*"

They now looked about below-stairs, feeling sure there was some one in the house, and then up-stairs they all went, snuffing and grunting in a very bad humor.

Said the great bear in a fury:

"SOME ONE HAS BEEN ON MY BED, AND RUMPLED IT!"

Then said Mammy Muff:

"SOME ONE HAS BEEN ON MY BED, AND RUMPLED IT!"

Tiny next mounted a stool, and jumped on to the foot of his own small bed. In a moment he squeaked out:

"*Some one has been to my bed—and here she is; oh, here she is.*" And he opened his mouth, and looked as fierce and as wicked as could be at Silverlocks.

The little girl had not been roused from her sleep by the loud voices of Mr and Mrs Bruin, but the shrill piercing tones of Tiny's voice waked her right up, and she was startled enough, to find herself nose to nose with the angry little bear; and she was still more afraid, when she also saw two great bears in the room. Now the great bear had, very well for her, opened the window. So she quickly slid off the bed, and flew across the room, took one jump at the open sash, and dropped upon the turf below; she rolled over and over on coming to the ground, but up again she soon got, for, on looking at the open window, she saw the three bears staring wildly at her, and making a great noise. When the little busy-body safely reached home, she got a severe scolding for her pains. She never forgot the fright which the sight of the three bears had given her, and so she took good care, ever after, to keep away from places where she had no right to go, and also to avoid meddling with things that did not belong to her.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

lis-ten	feath-er	won-der
plum-tree	to-geth-er	in-trude
a-gain	an-y-thing	be-hind

To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Not I, said the cow, moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do;

I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away,
Not I, said the cow, moo-oo!

To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?

Not I, said the dog, bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow;
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I, said the dog, bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.

To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?

Coo, coo! coo, coo! coo, coo!
Let me speak a word too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Robin Redbreast?

Not I, said the sheep; oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so;
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa, said the sheep; oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?

Coo, coo! coo, coo! coo, coo!
Let me speak a word too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Robin Redbreast?

Caw! caw! cried the crow,
I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?

Chuck, chuck! said the hen,
Don't ask me again;
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Chuck, chuck! said the hen,
Don't ask me again.

Chur-a-whirr! chur-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, for shame!

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."
"'Tis very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel!"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest
From little Robin Redbreast;
And he felt so full of shame
He did not like to tell his name.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

coun-ty	re-ceive	prat-tle	cow-ard
Nor-folk	ne-glect	chat-ted	to-geth-er
Eng-land	or-phans	re-pent	sen-tenced
de-sire	pros-per	Wal-ter	pris-on
rag-ing	speech-es	gai-ly	aw-ful
grieved	re-mains	gau-dy	light-ning
dread-ful	know-ing	pain-ful	bar-ren
help-less	in-side	Ro-land	val-ue

A long time ago, there lived in the county of Norfolk in England, two little children, whose names were Willie and Jane. Their parents were very

good and kind to them, and loved them dearly. They lived in a fine house, had plenty of servants to wait on them, and, in fact, had everything they could desire to make them happy.

When they were both quite young, Willie being only six and Jane four years old, their mamma was taken ill, and two days after their papa fell ill also. They had caught a dreadful fever which was raging at that time, and the doctors said that there was no hope for them. It would not have grieved the parents to have died and left all their riches behind them, for they had been taught to love God before all things; but they were much grieved to leave behind them their two sweet helpless children. At last, one evening, the children were called to their parents' bedside to hear their last words, and to receive their dying blessing. It was a sad sight, and the children wept many tears, although the poor things could not know what a loss they were about to suffer. Their uncle, a brother of their mother's, was there too. Their father's will was read, by which all his riches were left to the children; but in case they died first their uncle was then to have all. The good mother kissed her little ones, then took them by the hand, and said to her brother:—

"Brother, take these dear little children. Be good to my poor boy Willie, and to my darling Jane. They have no friends now but you. I leave them to God and to you. If you are kind to

them, God will repay you; but if you neglect them, you may be sure that God will not fail to mark your neglect.'

The uncle said, "My dear sister, I will take care of them as long as I live, and they shall be to me like my own children. If I do harm to these poor orphans, I pray that God may never prosper me or mine."

After these sad speeches, the parents kissed their dear children again, and as they pressed their cold lips to the warm rosy lips of their little ones, they said gently, "God bless our little Willie—God bless our darling Jane," and soon after God took them to Himself.

As soon as the remains of their dear parents were laid in the grave, their uncle took the children to his own home. For a while he was very kind to them, and did everything he could to please and amuse them. But he was a wicked man, and soon forgot all that he had said to his dying sister, for he thought how all their riches might be his, if the poor little ones were only dead. He soon found out two bad men, who would do anything for money, and he agreed with them to take the little orphans away into a lonely wood, and there to kill them, where no one could hear their cries. So this wicked uncle went home and told a lie to his wife, who loved the little ones, and said that a friend in London, who had lost his own children, wanted to

take Willie and Jane to live with him, as he was so lonely. His wife, not knowing that this was a lie, agreed to let the children go, as she had some of her own, who needed all her care.

Next morning, a coach drove up to the door of their uncle's house, and the dear orphans, thinking they were going to London, kissed their aunt and uncle, and got into the coach with one of the bad men who had agreed with their uncle, while the other got up on the box to drive.

The man who rode inside the coach tried to amuse them with all sorts of prattle, for he had two little babes of his own about the same age. They chatted to him about London and all the pretty sights they were to see, and were so good that their pretty speeches melted his hard heart, and he began to repent that he had ever agreed to harm such sweet little darlings.

At last they came to the wood where the wicked deed was to be done, and the man who drove got down, and told the man Walter, who rode inside, that he had better get out, and let the children have a walk while the horses rested. The children jumped gaily out, and Walter, taking a hand of each in his own, led them along a pretty path into the wood. There they played about, and picked the pretty flowers and the nice berries, and chased the gaudy butterflies, until they were tired, and all sat down to rest on a mossy bank. Walter was

seated, full of painful thoughts, when Roland, the other bad man, came up, and bade him take the girl while he took the boy.

But Walter said, "Let us rather think what we are about to do, and do not let us be so wicked, but let us take the poor little ones home to some of our friends."

At this Roland got into a dreadful rage, and said that he would have his share of the money if Walter would not, and called him a coward to be afraid of a child. With that he tried to seize Willie, but Walter drew his sword and stood before the child, and the two men began to fight, while the two timid children clung to each other, not knowing what it meant. At last Roland was killed, and as he fell dead Walter turned to the children, and told them how that wicked man wanted to kill them. At this they cried, but Walter told them not to fear now, and he led them away further into the wood. The poor things began to feel very hungry and tired, but Walter had nothing to give them, and was much puzzled to know what to do with them. So they walked on and on till they saw a church-spire and heard the bells, although they were still far away from them. Then Walter told the children to rest while he went to get them some food, and he went off to the town, but never came back to the little darlings. They played about, and watched the fishes in the brook;

they picked the pretty flowers, and ate the berries; but although they looked and looked, yet no Walter could be seen. Their clothes were torn by the thorns, and their faces were smeared with crying and with the berries, and surely no such lonely, sad little things were ever seen. They held fast to each other, for it began to grow dark and cold. They had no house to go to now, no nice warm bed to creep into, and no supper to eat, and they were so cold and tired and hungry. They heard the bells ringing far away, and as they used to do at home, they knelt down on the grass, and put their tiny hands together to pray to God; and God heard them too, for He soon took them away from all wicked men, and brought them to their own dear mamma and papa again.

"Let us lie down under this bush," said little Jane, "for I am so tired."

"I am very tired, too," said poor Willie, "and so cold. We will lie down close together until Walter comes with the food."

So they lay down under the bush, and Jane put her arms round Willie, and the little orphans cried themselves to sleep.

The night was cold, and the wind was bleak, and their blood was so chilled with hunger that the little darlings died, and God took them as little angels up to heaven, away from all wicked things.

To show how God made these wicked men suffer

for their crimes, nothing ever went well with their uncle after this. The thought of his crimes took such a hold on his mind, that he could not rest in his bed. His barns were set on fire by lightning; his corn and all his goods were burnt; his lands became barren; his cattle died; and having sent his two sons abroad in a ship laden with goods of value, their ship went down, and they, with all their goods, were lost. When his wife heard this, she fell down dead at the awful news; and the uncle was soon after thrown into prison for some other wicked thing he had done.

About this time Walter was tried for a theft, and was sentenced to be hanged for it. Before his death, he told all about the wicked uncle and the poor little babes, and when the wicked uncle heard of it, he died in the prison raving mad. From what the robber had said, those who had known the children went in crowds to search the woods, but could not find the little ones for a long time, for the robin redbreasts, out of pity, had covered them over with the dead leaves. When they did find them, the sweet babes were locked in each other's arms, just as they had laid themselves down to sleep.

1. THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.—II. LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

but-ter-fly	heav-en	beau-ti-ful
glan-cing	wan-der-ings	Ho-ly
sun-beams	pon-der-ous	pray-er
droop-ing	vel-vet	sur-prise
spring-time	pon-der	dove-like

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

"Oh! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

'The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back.

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me."

"He would not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once, like spring-time, smiled,
On earth no more thou 'lt see!

"A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy—
Thy brother is in heaven!"

"And has he left the buds and flowers,
And must I call in vain;
And through the long, long summer's hours,
Will he not come again?

"And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me play'd
Would I had loved him more!"

—*Mrs Hemans.*

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

A little girl, with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book—
All bound with velvet, and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more;
For it said—and she look'd at her smiling mother—
It said, "Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walk'd on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,

Which said, just as plain as words could say,
The Holy Bible I must obey;
So, mamma, I 'll be kind to my darling brother,
For "Little children must love each other."

I 'm sorry he 's naughty, and will not play,
But I 'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me,
Will be better shown if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right;
And thus, when we kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my arms about my brother,
And say, "Little children, love one another,"

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought;
For the boy look'd up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes:
His heart was full—he could not speak,
But he press'd a kiss on his sister's cheek,
And God look'd down on the happy mother,
Whose "Little children loved one another."

THE STORY OF MOSES.

sor-row	He-brew	Aa-ron	moun-tains
dis-tress	con-ceive	pow-er	di-vide
might-y	prin-cess	griev-ous	writ-ten
man-aged	Mo-ses	al-low-ed	com-mand-ments
bul-rush-es	treat-ed	gath-er-ed	des-ert
cov-er-ed	Is-ra-el	arm-y	fruit-ful
daugh-ter	lead-er	fol-low-ed	pro-mised

Many years after Joseph and his brethren were dead, their children's children still lived in the land which the king of Egypt had given them. But there arose a king who did not know Joseph, and this king was a bad man. Seeing that the people were so many, he was afraid that they would rise, and take away his goods and his kingdom from him. On this account he made a wicked law, that all the little children who were boys should be killed, so that after a while there should only be women and old men, who would not be able to fight him.

You may be sure this caused great sorrow and distress among all these poor people, but the king was mighty, and they could not help themselves. One poor mother managed to hide her little son for three months, but at last, when she could do it no longer, she laid him in a small basket made of bulrushes covered with pitch, and put it among the rushes by the river side, trusting in God to take care of her little child.

Soon after this, the daughter of the king came down to the river to bathe, and seeing the basket, she caused it to be brought to her. As she opened it, the babe began to cry, and she took pity on it, saying, "This is one of the Hebrew children." So she called for a nurse, and the mother of the little

boy was brought to her, although she did not know it was his mother. You may conceive the poor mother's joy when the princess told her that she would adopt the little one as her own, and that, in the meantime, she would give him to her to nurse. Ah! she was indeed glad that the life of her dear little one was spared, and she blessed the kind princess in her heart for being so good.

The little boy was called Moses. He grew up to be a fine young man, and was in every way treated as if he were the son of the king's daughter. But God had need of him for His own work, and when the time was come when He wanted the "children of Israel," as they were called, to leave the land of Egypt, He chose Moses as their leader. But the king did not want to let them go, for he had made them slaves, so "God gave Moses and his brother Aaron the power to do many wonders, and to smite the land and people of Egypt with many grievous plagues," so that at last the people were allowed to go.

As soon as they had gone, the king gathered together a great army, and followed them to destroy them. The people were in great trouble, for they had the sea in front of them, the king and his army behind them, and great mountains on either side. But God caused the waters of the sea to divide, and they were all able to cross it on dry land; but when the people of Egypt tried to do the same they were all drowned.

Moses was the leader of the children of Israel in all their wanderings through the desert to the promised land; and at last he died just before they reached the rich and fruitful country which had been promised to them by God.

It was Moses who received from God the two tables of stone, on which were written the ten commandments, which I trust you all know well.

BRAVE BOBBY.

Bob-by	strug-gling	wag-ging
fa-vor-ite	no-bly	num-ber
run-ning	howl-ing	an-y-thing
dan-ger	flan-nels	con-stant
scream-ed	ap-plied	pre-serv-er
plung-ed	ar-rived	an-i-mals

A little girl, named Lucy, the daughter of a rich gentleman, was playing one day by the edge of a pond near her father's house. Bobby, a favorite dog, was playing about with her too. Running too near the edge of the pond she fell in, and was in great danger of being drowned, for it was quite deep. Her mother, who was at the window and saw her fall, screamed out to the servants, and all rushed down to the pond.

Brave Bobby, as soon as he saw Lucy fall, plunged into the water, and, when the servants

came down, he was struggling nobly to hold her up, and to keep her head above water, howling all the time for help.

Little Lucy was soon seized and carried into the house, where she was put to bed, and warm flannels applied to her body. When the doctor arrived, he felt her pulse, and said she would soon be well. Tears of joy were in every one's eyes when they heard this, for Lucy was a favorite with old and young. When her parents came down stairs, who should be there but Bobby, wagging his tail and looking up, as much as to say, "How is my little charge?" He got pats and kind words without

umber, and what he liked as much as anything, much better supper than usual.

Bobby was now the constant friend of Lucy, and he called him her PRESERVER. One day as Lucy was sitting in the garden with Bobby by her side, her mother came up and said, "What makes you love Bobby so much, my dear?"

"O mother, because he saved me from death."

"Right, my child. I wish you to love him, and to be good and kind to all dumb animals."

I. THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.— II. NEVER SAY FAIL.

Sav-iour	king-dom	man-hood
ear-nest-ly	bat-tle	foot-steps
pre-pare	pre-vail	as-sail
for-giv-en	on-ward	con-quer

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

I think when I read the sweet story of old,
How, when Jesus was here among men,
He call'd little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been laid around me;
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to my Saviour in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
I know if I earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,—
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
For all those who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

NEVER SAY FAIL.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle,
They only prevail
Who daily march onward,
And never say fail.

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We 'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail.

CHRISTMAS.

im-por-tant	al-monds	hud-dling
stock-ings	car-ra-way	muff-ler
neigh-bor	won-der-ed	i-vo-ry
par-a-sol	wrig-gle	pret-ti-ly
chess-men	ex-pres-sive	quan-ti-ty
mu-sic	non-sense	glo-ri-ous

Two little girls had just gone to bed on that very important night, Christmas Eve. They had been busy making presents for all their friends, but what had pleased them most of all, was that they had helped to knit some stockings for some poor neighbor's children. So as they tried to go to sleep they chatted away.

"What would you like to find in your stocking to-morrow," said Mary, "if you could choose?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Edith. "I think my stocking would be rather funny if I had to fill it. Let me see—first I should put in a pretty white kitty."

"No, you wouldn't," said Mary.

"Yes, I should. A cat, and a bunch of flowers, and a book—no, two books or three—and a new parasol, because mine has not been *very* good since it was run over."

"Well, I think you would have a queer stocking!" said Mary. "It wouldn't be half so good as mine. I should put in books too—a great many; but then

they should be large, splendid books, with fine pictures, full of them, and very beautiful, and bound in all sorts of different ways. And then, let me think—I might, if there was any room after I had books enough—yes, I would put in a box of chessmen, and some new music, and a watch."

"Then, you wouldn't have any sugar-plums?" said Edith

"Yes; I would shake them down among the other things—burnt almonds and carraway comfits and rose-drops.

And so they both fell asleep and dreamt of this very grand stocking.

Christmas morning is always very late in coming, and this one was no exception to the rule. Thousands of young people thought the sun never would rise, and wondered if ever it would be light again.

"Merry Christmas, Mary!" came out of the darkness on one side of the bed.

And "Merry Christmas, Edith!" from the darkness on the other.

"Is it almost time to get up?" said Edith.

"Why, no; you can't see your hand yet."

"It looks quite light out of the window," said Edith.

"I think it looks quite dark," said Mary. "I can see the stars. Now, Edith, I'll tell you what we will do. You know the stockings are on the bedposts just here by our heads."

Edith gave a little wriggle under the blankets, expressive of her belief in the fact.

"Well," said Mary, "I'll stretch out my hand and feel my stocking, and you stretch out your hand and feel yours; and then we'll try and guess what we have touched. Now, Edith, you must just take one feel."

"Take care, or you will fall out of bed—I have felt mine!"

"So have I!" said Edith, huddling down out of the cold air. "I felt the cat!"

"Nonsense!" said Mary. "How long do you think a cat would remain still in your stocking and never mew nor move? It could not be a cat, but it might be something else. I felt something sharp in my stocking."

"What did it feel like?" said Edith.

"I don't know," said Mary; "that's the very thing. It was perhaps a book, or a box, or something of the kind."

Then they both jumped up, and going softly on tiptoe into their aunt's room, Edith laid a pincushion on the table, and set the little basket of sugarplums close by; and Mary placed there a guard-chain she had made for her uncle, and a pretty silk bag for her aunt, and then they ran back again.

It would be too much to describe all that the stockings held; Edith's cat turned out to be a pretty little fur muffler, and Mary had one like it. The box was the very box of chessmen which Mary

said she would put in her stocking; and the men themselves were prettily carved out of red ivory and white.

It would take too long to tell of all that happy Christmas-day, and how pleased the little girls were at giving away their Christmas boxes to the poor people. Their aunt had procured a quantity of warm clothes besides the stockings, and every one was made as happy as they ought to be on that glorious day when Jesus Christ was born into the world. —*Miss Wetherell.*

I. LITTLE BY LITTLE.—II. EVENING HYMN.

a-corn	cease-less-ly	spend-ing
im-prov-ing	build-ing	trea-sured
hid-den	rear-ing	per-haps
down-ward	balm-y	cer-tain
thread-like	verd-ure	judg-ment
ap-pear	cor-al	glo-ri-ous
slen-der	thought-ful	eye-lids
for-ests	em-ploy	vig-or-ous
in-sect	learn-ing	dis-turb
sup-ply	mo-lest	dark-ness

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,

"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew;
Little by little it sipp'd the dew;
Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea
An insect train work ceaselessly;
Grain by grain they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell;
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or to play.
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky;
The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there;
Till the summer sunbeams gaily smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment I 'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play;
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
'Whatever I do, I will do it well.'

Little by little I 'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago ;
And one of these days perhaps we'll see,
That the world will be the better for me."
And certain it is that this simple plan,
Made him a wise and a useful man.

EVENING HYMN.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
Nor powers of darkness me molest.

PART III.

MAY SONG.

A merry little maiden,
In the merry month of May,
Came tripping o'er the meadow,
As she sang this merry lay:

"I 'm a merry little maiden,
My heart is light and gay,
And I love the sunny weather
In the merry month of May.

"I love the pretty lambkins,
That so gaily sport and play,
And make such frolic gambols
In the merry month of May.

"I love the little birdies,
That sit upon the spray,
And sing me such a blithe song
In the merry month of May.

"I love my little sisters,
And my brothers every day,
But I seem to love them better
In the merry month of May."

I. THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.— II. THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

ea-si-ly	no-tice	ab-sence	tor-toise
to-mor-row	chirp-ing	re-move	to-geth-er
cau-tion	cous-ins	anx-ious	stead-i-ly
fledged	talk-ed	suc-ceed	la-zi-ness
trem-ble	hap-pen-ed	per-se-vere	dif-fi-cult
ex-pect-ing	scarce-ly	se-ri-ous	re-quire

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

A lark, who had young ones in a field of corn

which was almost ripe, was very much afraid lest the reapers should come to cut it before her young ones were fledged and able to fly away from the place. So whenever she left them to go in search of food, she charged them to take notice of what they heard talked of in her absence, and to tell her of it when she came back.

Well, one day when she had gone, they heard the farmer call to his son, "John, I think this corn is ripe enough; you had better go early to-morrow and desire our friends and neighbors to come and help us to reap it."

When the old lark came home, the young ones were all in a tremble, and chirping round about her, told her what had happened, and begged her to remove them as fast as she could. "Never heed, my little pets," said the mother, "make your minds easy, for if the farmer depends on his friends and neighbors, I am pretty sure the corn will not be reaped to-morrow."

Next day, off she went again, still giving her little ones the same caution. By and by the farmer came, and waited a while, expecting those he had sent for; but the sun grew hot, and nothing was done, for no one came at all. "John," said he to his son, "I perceive that these friends of ours are not to be depended upon, so you must go to your uncles and cousins, and ask them to come early to-morrow to help us to reap."

With this the young ones were in a great fright again, and when their mother came home, they could scarcely tell her what had happened for trembling. "Oh, if that be all," said she, "do not alarm yourselves, my dears, for uncles and cousins are much the same as friends and neighbors, and are not often very anxious to help one another; but," she added, "be very careful to note what you hear the next time."

The next day came, and off she went as usual; for even little birds, small as they are, cannot do without food. The farmer came too, and still finding no one ready to help him, said to his son, "John, we must even depend upon ourselves; so get a couple of good sickles ready for the morning, and we two will reap the corn."

When the young ones told this to their mother, she became quite serious as she said, "Well, my pets, we must now leave our snug home, for when a man says he will do a thing himself, it is not likely that he will fail in it." So she removed her young ones at once, and none too soon, for the next day the farmer and his son reaped the corn.

When you want anything done do it yourself, and never depend on others.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

A hare and a tortoise once set out together for a fine spring a few miles off. The hare frisked in

and out of the road, sometimes running across a field and back again. The tortoise, however, moved slowly but steadily along the road.

Presently the hare got tired of waiting for his slow friend the tortoise, so he said, "Good-bye, my friend, I really cannot manage to go at so slow a pace as you do. I will run on before, and will wait for you at the spring;" and away tripped the hare.

But after a little time he came to a nice shady place, so he thought he would lie down and have a short nap. "I can easily run in a few minutes

the distance the tortoise will require hours to crawl over; so I shall have plenty of time for a snooze, and yet be there first."

When he awoke, he looked about to see if the tortoise were coming. But, alas for laziness! the tortoise had passed him long ago, and had already reached the spring. "Slow and sure" will often win the day against speed and laziness, and no one ought to be afraid of any difficult task; for if he steadily perseveres, he will be sure to succeed.

I. GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.— II. WHO TAUGHT THEM.

cur-i-ous	vi-o-let	pro-vid-ing
fox-glove	soft-est	heav-en-ly
cour-te-sy-ed	sweet-est	gath-er
nar-row	seem-ing	ris-ing

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smooth'd her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night! good night!"

Such a number of crows came over her head,
Crying "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;

She said, as she watch'd their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night! good night!"

The horses neigh'd, and the oxen low'd;
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night! good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bow'd his head;
The violets courtesy'd and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her evening prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the bright rising sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun.

WHO TAUGHT THEM?

Who taught the bird to build her nest
Of softest wool, and hay, and moss?
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the tiny twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest herbs and flowers,
And lay her store of honey by,
Providing food for winter hours?

Who taught the little ant the way
Her narrow cell so well to bore,
And through the pleasant summer day
To gather up her winter store?

'Twas God who taught them all the way,
And gave the little creatures skill;
And teaches children, when they pray,
To know and do His heavenly will.

—*Jane Taylor.*

I. THE BOY AND THE STARLING.— II. WILLIE AND HIS PONY.—III. MY PONY

game-keep-er	neigh-bor	sharp-ly
star-ling	us-u-al	luck-y
in-stance	pock-et	hal-ter
an-swer	a-sham-ed	emp-ty
pleas-ure	whith-er	cheat-ing
fre-quent-ly	qui-et-ly	re-plied
be-lieve	can-ter-ing	stum-ble
com-mon	ston-y	grum-ble

THE BOY AND THE STARLING.

An old gamekeeper had a starling in his room, that could utter a few sentences. For instance, when his master said, "Starling, where are you?" the bird never failed to answer, "Here I am."

Little Charles, the son of one of his neighbors, always took great pleasure in seeing and hearing the bird, and came frequently to pay it a visit.

One day he came in while the gamekeeper was absent. Charles quickly seized the bird, not thinking of the wrong he was doing; put it in his pocket, and was going off with it.

But that very moment the gamekeeper came back. Finding Charles in the room, and wishing to amuse his little neighbor, he called to the bird as usual, "Starling, where are you?"

"Here I am," sung out the bird, with all its might, from the little thief's pocket.

Charlie was very much ashamed, and well he might be. Those who do wrong are always sure to be found out.

WILLIE AND HIS PONY.

Willie went one day to see a friend, and tied his pony to a tree, while he went into the house. When he came out again, he found that Coco had got loose, and had gone prancing away he knew not whither.

After hunting about for some time, he saw him at a distance, quietly feeding on the grass. He ran up to him, but just as he put out his hand to catch hold of the bridle, Coco, who wished to enjoy his freedom a little longer, turned sharply round, kicked up his hind legs, and galloped away.

Willie thought himself lucky not to have been within reach of his heels when he kicked up; however, he was quite at a loss what to do. At last, he called to mind how the groom caught the pony when he was out at grass in the meadow; and that he put a little corn into a sieve, and held it out to the pony till he could put a halter over his neck.

Now, it is true that Willie had neither sieve, corn, nor halter. "But then," he said, "the pony will eat grass as well as corn; my hat will serve for a sieve; and as for a halter I shall not want one

for the pony has his bridle on, and I can catch hold of that." So he picked a few handfuls of grass, and put them into his hat.

A man, who was digging in the common asked him what he was going to do with the grass. Willie told him, it was to catch the pony.

"Oh, then," cried the man, "you need not take so much trouble; if you hold out your hat empty, it will do just as well, for the pony cannot see that the hat is empty till he comes close up to it; and then you may catch hold of the bridle while he is looking into the hat."

"But that would be cheating him," cried Willie; "and I will not cheat anybody, no, not even a beast."

"Well said, my good boy," replied the man.

"Besides," added Willie, "if I cheated him once, he would not believe me another time."

He then went up to his pony, and held out his hat; the pony came quietly up to him, and Willie seized hold of his bridle, and was soon cantering home on his back. —*Mrs Marcet.*

MY PONY.

Hop, hop, hop!
Go and never stop,
Where 'tis smooth and where 'tis stony,
Trudge along, my little pony,
Go and never stop,
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop!

Hey, hey, hey!
Go along, I say;
Don't you kick and don't you stumble,
Don't you tire and don't you grumble;
Go along, I say;
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!

Jump, jump, jump!
Don't you hit that stump!
For I will not cease to ride you
Till I further yet have tried you;
Don't you hit that stump,
Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump!

Tramp, tramp, tramp!
Make your feet now stamp,

On the highway no one faster;
But take care! don't throw your master.
Make your feet now stamp!
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp!

I. MARY AND HER CANARY.— II. MEDDLESOME MATTY.

long-ed	re-mem-ber	spec-ta-cles
wist-ful	Ma-til-da	forth-with
feath-ers	pos-sess-ed	snuff-box
touch-ing	ket-tle	stub-born
med-dle-some	pres-ent-ly	pre-sent-ed
fu-ture	qual-i-ties	tin-gling

MARY AND HER CANARY.

Mary saw a tame canary which sang finely, and she longed to have one like it.

"I will give you one some day," said her mother, "if you are a good child, and do as you are told."

One day, when Mary came home from school, she found her mother had gone out for a walk. Mary looked into her room, and on the table she spied a box she had never seen before. She had been often told by her mother never to touch anything that did not belong to her, but Mary had a bad habit of touching all that she saw; and bad habits are not easily broken. Mary had given way to it

so often that her mother would say, "Mary, Mary, shall I never be able to trust you?"

Now you will see how Mary was punished for not doing as her mother told her.

She knew the box on the table was not her box, and that she had no right to touch it; but she stood by the table looking at it with wistful eyes.

"I wonder what is in it!" she said to herself, and then she began to finger it, and at length took it up in her hand. "It is very pretty; I think it must be empty though, it is so light. Why, here are little holes in the lid, but they are so small, I cannot see into the inside. If I were just to open it, I could do no harm."

As Mary said this she lifted up the lid, and out flew a fine canary. The little girl ran after it to catch it; but it flew on to the frame of a picture out of her reach. There it sat, looking so pretty with its soft yellow feathers, and singing so sweetly, that Mary wanted it sadly for her own. "Ah!" she said, "if I had only left the box alone! I knew I was doing wrong."

At this moment her mother came in; the noise of the door opening frightened the little bird, and he flew straight out of the window; while Mary ran crying to her mother, to tell her how naughty she had been.

"I bought the bird for you, Mary," said her mother; "but you have lost it by your own fault. I am sorry for you, but I hope this will teach my little girl a lesson, not to be so meddlesome in future."

"I shall never forget my little bird," said Mary, "never, I am quite sure." And she never did; but when she felt a wish to meddle with anything that did not belong to her, she always said to herself, "Mary, Mary, remember your canary."

MEDDLESOME MATTY.

Oh, how one ugly trick has spoil'd
The sweetest and the best!
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possess'd,

Which like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she 'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And, by mistake, she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid.
"Ah! well," thought she, "I 'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box, too, she spied;
"Oh, what a pretty box is this!
I 'll open it," said little miss.

"I know that grandmamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear;'
But then she 's far enough away,
And no one else is near;
Besides, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid;
And presently a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once—ah! woful case!—
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin,
A dismal sight presented;
And as the snuff got further in,
Sincerely she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing else but sneeze.

She dash'd the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes,
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies:
"Heyday! and what's the matter now?"
Cried grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From *meddling* evermore.
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

—*Mrs Gilbert.*

THE BEAR AND THE TOMTIT.

en-e-mies	fright-en-ing	prowl-ing
pleas-ant-ly	trou-ble-some	pun-ish-ment
back-ward	ter-ror	fa-mous
scram-bled	sti-fled	sur-round-ed
ty-rant	ter-ri-bly	dis-may
at-tract-ed	flut-ter	pres-ent-ly
es-cape	pru-dent	hap-pen-ed

I will tell you, my dear children, an old fable about making enemies. It is called, "The Bear and the Tomtit."

Now, you must know that a tomtit is a kind of a bird, a very little bird; but he sings pleasantly. Well, one pleasant summer's day, a wolf and a bear were taking a walk together in a lonely wood. They heard something singing.

"Brother," said the bear, "that is good singing; what sort of a bird do you think that may be?"

"That 's a tomtit," said the wolf.

"I should like to see his nest," said the bear; "where do you think it is?"

"If we wait a little time, till his mate comes home, we shall see," said the wolf.

The bear and the wolf walked backward and forward for some time, till his mate came home with some food in her mouth for her children. The wolf and the bear watched her. She went to the

tree where the bird was singing, and they together flew to a little grove just by, and went to their nest.

"Now," said the bear, "let us go and see."

"No," said the wolf, "we must wait till the old birds have gone away again."

So they noticed the place, and walked away.

They did not stay long, for the bear was in a hurry to see the nest. They returned, and the bear scrambled up the tree, expecting to amuse himself finely by frightening the tomtits.

"Take care," said the wolf; "you had better be careful. The tomtits are little; but little enemies are sometimes very troublesome."

"Who is afraid of a tomtit?" said the bear. So saying, he poked his great black nose into the nest.

"Who is here?" said he; "what are you?"

The poor birds screamed out with terror. "Go away! go away!" said they.

"What do you mean by making such a noise, and talking so to me? I will teach you better," said he. So he put his great paw on the nest, and pressed it down until the poor little birds were almost stifled. Presently he left them and went away.

The young tomtits were terribly frightened, and some of them were hurt. As soon as the bear was gone, their fright gave way to anger; and soon after the old birds came home, and were very angry too. They used to see the bear sometimes prowling

about the woods, but did not know what they could do to bring him to punishment.

Now, there was a famous glen, surrounded by high rocks, where the bear used to go and sleep, because it was a wild, lonely place. The tomtits often saw him there. One day the bear was prowling around, and he saw, at a great distance, two huntsmen with guns, coming towards the wood. He fled to his glen in dismay, though he thought he should be safe there.

The tomtits were flying about there, and presently they saw the huntsmen. "Now," said one of them to the other, "is the time to get rid of the tyrant. You go and see if he is in his glen, and then come back to where you see me singing."

So he flew about from tree to tree, keeping in sight of the huntsmen, and singing all the time; while the other went and found that the bear was in his glen, crouched down in terror behind a rock.

The tomtits then began to flutter around the huntsmen, and fly a little way towards the glen, and then back again. This attracted the notice of the men, and they followed them to see what could be the matter.

By and by the bear saw the terrible huntsmen coming, led on by his little enemies, the tomtits. He sprang forward, and ran from one side of the glen to the other; but he could not escape. They shot him with two bullets through his head.

The wolf happened to be near by, at that time, upon the rocks that were around the glen; and hearing all this noise, he came and peeped over. As soon as he saw how the case stood, he thought it would be most prudent for him to walk away; which he did, saying as he went, "*Well, the bear has found out that it is better to have a person a friend than an enemy.*"

MY MOTHER.

wis-dom	cra-dle	fee-ble
for-sook	af-fec-tion	health-y
re-ward	sick-ness	af-fec-tion-ate

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
When sleeping in my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the part to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me?
My Mother.

Oh no! the thought I cannot bear:
And, if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

STORY OF DAVID.

de-scend-ants	en-camp-ed	pro-vi-sions
sing-er	com-plete	al-low
Da-vid	re-peat-ed	re-fused
gi-ant	chal-lenge	ad-vanced
Go-li-ath	re-main-ed	cursed
de-fied	how-ev-er	fore-head
car-cass	pur-sued	praised

A short time ago we read how God had brought the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt by

the hand of Moses, and how Moses led them through the wilderness to the promised land. Now we shall read of one of their descendants in that beautiful country.

David was the youngest son of Jesse. He was a shepherd, and took charge of his father's flocks. He was a very brave lad; for once, while he was tending the sheep, there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock; but David ran after them and killed them both. He was a very sweet singer, and played on the harp also; and many of

his songs have come down to us as the "Psalms of David."

Now some wicked people made war on the children of Israel, and came up to fight them, and among them was a great giant, named Goliath. This giant defied all the men of Israel, and wanted one of them to come out and fight with him; but they were all afraid. So the two armies were encamped opposite each other, and every day this huge giant, clothed in complete armor, and with a great sword and spear, came out to the front and repeated his challenge, defying the men of Israel and their God.

Three of David's brothers had gone to join the army; but David himself remained at home, tending his flocks. One day, however, his father wanted to send some provisions to his brothers, and so he told David to take them. David did so, and while he was in the camp this giant Goliath came out as usual, crying, "Who will come out and fight with me?" When David saw that all the men ran away from this giant, he was angry, and said, "Who is this man that he should defy the armies of the living God?" So he went to the king and asked him to allow him to go and fight the giant. The king at first refused, as David was but a mere lad; but at length he agreed, and gave David a complete suit of armor. But David put off the armor, and took his staff in his hand, and a few smooth stones in

his shepherd's bag, and his sling in the other hand. In this way he advanced to meet Goliath. When the giant saw him, he laughed at him, and said, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" And he cursed David.

But David said, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied." And David put a stone in his sling, and smote the giant on the forehead and killed him. Then, as he had no sword, he leapt upon the huge carcass of the giant, and drew his sword out of the sheath and cut off his head.

At this the men of Israel took heart, and the wicked men were afraid and fled; but the men of Israel pursued them, and killed a great number of them. And all the people were glad, and sang songs in honor of David; but he knew who it was had given him strength, and he praised God for it. After some time, David became the king of Israel, and he wrote and sang so many beautiful psalms, that he was called "the sweet singer of Israel."

AUTUMN.

har-vest	lus-cious	burst-ing
beau-ty	pre-cious	gar-ners
gold-en	ri-pen-ing	flaunt-ing
au-tumn	clus-ter-ing	fox-glove

Golden autumn comes again,
With its storms of wind and rain,
With its fields of yellow grain.

Gifts for man and bird and brute,
In its wealth of luscious fruit,
In its store of precious root.

Trees bend down with plum and pear,
Rosy apples scent the air,
Nuts are ripening everywhere.

Through the lanes where "bird-weed" weaves
Graceful wreaths of clustering leaves,
Hence the reapers bear the sheaves,

Singing loud their harvest song,
In their hearty, rustic tongue—
Singing gaily, old and young;

Singing loud beside the wain,
With its load of bursting grain,
Dropping all along the lane.

Mice and ant and squirrel fill
Now their garners at their will,
Only drones need hunger still.

Though the summer flowers are dead,
Still the poppy rears its head,
Flaunting gaily all in red.

Still the foxglove's crimson bell,
And the fern-leaves in the dell,
Autumn's parting beauty tell.

Purple sunsets, crimson leaves,
Fruit and flowers and golden sheaves,
Autumn gives us ere she leaves.

—*Mrs Hautrey.*

I. BERTHA AND HER DOLLS.—II. THE LOST DOLL.

pret-ti-er	ob-serve	charm-ing-ly
Ber-tha	sew-ing-room	trod-den
scis-sors	mer-ri-ly	en-gaged

BERTHA AND HER DOLLS.

Bertha was a dear little girl, with brown eyes, curly hair, and merry ways; but she was very thoughtless, and this often brought her into trouble, and grieved her kind mother very much.

Like all little girls, she was fond of dolls, and she had a number of them. She also thought the name of Lucy prettier than any other name, and gave it to her whole family of dolls.

There was Mamma Lucy, which was the largest of them all; Baby Lucy, not bigger than your little finger; Mary Lucy, named in honor of Bertha's mother; Lucy Bell, Black-eyed Lucy, and Pet Lucy.

Bertha was just learning to sew; for her mother thought all children should learn to be useful, and the little girl talked a great deal about the nice frocks, and hats, and aprons she would soon make for her dolls.

One day, when Bertha was alone in the parlor, playing with Tiny, her kitten, a new bonnet for her mother was sent home, and placed on the table. The

cover of the box was not on very tightly; so the little girl got up on a chair and peeped in.

Oh, what a lovely ribbon!—pink, and just the color for her Black-eyed Lucy! She must make her an apron of it. So she ran up to the sewing-room for her mother's scissors, and then snipped off ribbon enough to make Miss Lucy an apron.

She did not know very much about sewing, so she just ran a thread through the top, and tied it round her dolly's waist, and thought she had never seen her look so pretty before.

While she was thus engaged, the kitten began to play with the bonnet; but Bertha was so intent on making the apron for her doll, that she did not observe it.

She was just holding up the doll to see once more how the apron looked, when she heard her mother call her. Bertha did not think she had done anything wrong, so she ran to her mother with the doll in her arms.

"See, mamma!" she cried, "doesn't Lucy look pretty? I cut off just a little bit of your ribbon to make this apron! Is it not nice to have dolly's apron and your bonnet just alike?" And she laughed merrily.

But when Bertha saw how grave her mother looked, and that she held in her hand the bonnet which Tiny, the kitten, had been playing with, all torn and crushed, the dimples and the smile died

out from her face, and her brown eyes grew very large at first, then the long lashes closed over them, and she burst into tears.

"I have been very naughty, mother, have I not?" she sobbed.

Then her mother took Bertha into her lap and talked to her a long time; and Bertha said she would never touch anything again without asking her dear mother, who was so good and kind to her, and who loved her so dearly, and whom she loved so very dearly too.

THE LOST DOLL.

I once had a sweet little doll,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white,
And her hair was so charmingly curl'd.
But I lost my poor little doll,
As I play'd on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll,
As I play'd on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed,
For her paint is all wash'd away;
And her arm trodden off by the cows,
And her hair not the least bit curl'd:
Yet for old sake's sake she is still
The prettiest doll in the world.

JACK'S DOG BANDY.

fag-ots	tow-ards	up-lift-ed
Jean-nette	mean-time	faith-ful
Ban-dy	or-der-ed	bu-ried
e-ven-ing	al-read-y	school-mas-ter
out-side	for-got-ten	fol-low-ing
hus-band	an-swer-ed	e-pi-taph

In a large forest in France there lived a poor woodman, whose name was Jack. He made little money by the sale of his fagots, but enough to support himself, his wife Jenny, and their two chil-

dren. The oldest child was a boy, with dark hair, seven years old, called Jean, and the second was a fair-haired girl, called Jeannette. They had also a curly dog, with a white nose, the best dog in all the country, because he loved his master so much, and this dog was called Bandy.

When the snow lies deep in the forest, the wolves that live in its depths grow very hungry and fierce, and come out to look for food. The poor people also suffer much in the time of deep snow, for they cannot get work.

Jack did not fear the wolves when he had his good axe in hand, and went every day to his work. In the morning he said to Jenny: "Wife, pray do not let Jean and Jeanette run out to play until the wolves have been hunted. It would not be safe. Keep Bandy in too."

Every morning Jack said the same thing to Jenny, and all went well till one evening he did not come home at the usual time. Jenny went to the door, looked out, came in, then went back, and looked out again. "How very late he is!" she said to herself.

Then she went outside, and called her husband —"Jack, Jack!"—no answer. Bandy leaped on her, as if to say: "Shall I go and look for him?"

"Down, good dog," said Jenny: "here, my little Jeannette, run to the gate, and see if your father is coming. You, Jean, go along the road to the

end of the garden-paling, and cry aloud, 'Father, father!'" The children went as their mother told them, but could not see their father. "I will go and find him," said little Jean; "even if the wolves should eat me."

"So will I," said his little sister, and off they set towards the forest.

In the meantime their father had come home by another road, leaving a bundle of fagots with a neighbor who had ordered them.

"Did you meet the children?" said Jenny, as he came in.

"The children!" said Jack; "no, indeed; are they out?"

"I sent them to the end of the paling, but you have come by another road."

Jack did not put down his axe, but he ran as fast as he could to the spot.

"Take Bandy with you," cried Jenny; but Bandy was off already, and gone so far before, that his master could not see him. In vain the poor father called "Jean, Jeanette:" no one answered, and his tears began to fall, for he feared his children were lost.

After running on a long, long way, he thought he heard Bandy bark. He went straight into the wood towards the sound, his axe uplifted in his hand.

Bandy had come up to the two children just as a large wolf was going to seize them. He sprang at the wolf, barking loudly, to call his master.

Jack, with one blow of his good axe, killed the great fierce beast; but it was too late to save poor Bandy—he was dead already, the wolf had killed him.

The father and two children went back to Jenny, full of joy that they were all safe, and yet they could not help crying, they were so sorry that good faithful Bandy was dead. They buried him at the bottom of the garden, and put a large stone over him, on which the schoolmaster wrote the following epitaph:

"Beneath this stone there lies at rest
Bandy—of all good dogs the best."

Bandy is not forgotten in that part of the country, for when any one is very true, and brave, and faithful, the people always say of him:—He is as brave and faithful as Jack's dog Bandy.

LITTLE THINGS.

Ed-win	beau-te-ous	o-cean	great-est
build-ing	hum-ble	at-tempt	di-vid-ed
op-po-site	prop-er	e-ter-ni-ty	yon-der
work-men	brick-lay-ers	er-rors	vir-tue
mor-tar	no-tion	count-less	kind-ness
there-fore	put-ting	de-spise	moun-tain

BRICK UPON BRICK.

Edwin was one day looking at a large building,

which was being put up just opposite his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order. His father said to him,—

"Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers; pray, what may you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No," said Edwin, smiling; "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that this great house is built by laying one brick upon another."

"Very true, my boy; never forget it. Just so is it with all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk round the world, it would just be by putting one foot before the other many times. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. The ocean itself is made up of countless little drops of water."

Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn, also, not to be afraid of great labor. The greatest labor becomes easy if divided into parts. You cannot jump over a mountain; but step by step will take you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of yonder building is only one brick upon another.

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the path of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make on earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above

I. PRESENCE OF MIND.—II. INGENIOUS DEVICE.

ceil-ing	un-a-ble	scaf-fold
hand-i-work	pas-sion	stock-ing
per-ceiv-ed	chim-ney	keep-sake
ut-ter-ly	fac-to-ry	dead-ly
spoil-ing	de-scend-ing	in-ge-ni-ous

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Two men were engaged in painting the ceiling of a grand church. A platform of wood was slung up for them to stand on, at a great height from the floor below.

One of them had just finished a portion of his work, and his mind was so bent on it, that

forgetting where he was, he began to move away from the picture to see his handiwork in the best light.

Step by step, he walked slowly backwards, until his foot rested almost on the edge of the platform. His friend, at that instant, perceived the danger; but how could he prevent it? To speak was in vain, and not to speak seemed only to make death more sure; for one more step would send the man dashing on a stone floor beneath.

Quick as thought, the friend snatched up a paint-brush, and daubed it over the fine picture, utterly spoiling it. With an angry speech, the painter made a rush forward to check his friend, and to ward off the cruel stroke; but he met a face that was deadly pale. In his turn *he* paused and stood looking at his friend, who, unable to speak, pointed out the reason of his strange action.

The storm of passion was over at once, and the painter wept, while he blessed the hand that had robbed him for a time of fame, pride, and joy, but had saved his life.

INGENIOUS DEVICE.

After hard toil for many weeks, the tall chimney of a new factory was built up. The men put the last stroke to their work, and came down as quickly as they could. In his haste the last but one drew the rope out of the pulley. This want of care turned their joy to fear.

There stood one man at the top with no means

of descending. What could be done? There was no scaffold; and no ladder would reach half the height. The men had come down by the pulley; and there it was still, fixed and firm, at the top of the chimney; but the rope lay in a coil on the ground.

They all stood in silence, looking up at their lonely friend on the top, while he saw no way of help from their hands below. Just then his wife came up, and with quick thought and good sense she was able to save her husband. "John," she called out; but what did she say? What did she bid him do? Those who cannot find out must be told.

With all her strength she shouted: "John, rive your stocking; begin at the toe." He knew at once what she meant, and drawing off his stocking,—no doubt knit by his wife,—cut off the end, and soon set free the thread. He rove a long piece, and to this he tied a little piece of brick, and gently let it down for eager hands to reach.

Meantime his wife had managed to get a ball of thin twine, and it was soon made fast to the worsted. With a shout, they told John to pull up again. He did so, and they soon heard the words, "I have it." The pulley-rope was then made fast to the twine.

With a glad heart John drew it up, and put it over the pulley. Then snatching up the rest of the stocking, which was to him a keepsake for life, he let himself down as the other men had done, till he reached the ground in safety.—*Tales that are True.*

I. THE INDIAN WOMAN AND THE BEAR.—II. STORY OF A BEAR.

Ind-ian	gen-er-al-ly	heav-i-er
qual-i-ties	pow-er-ful	dread-ful-ly
a-wa-ken-ed	at-tempt-ed	pos-si-ble
ap-proach-ing	com-mit-ted	sat-is-fied
fort-u-nate	ex-cit-ing	ac-count-ed
en-e-my	pup-pies	quar-ters

THE INDIAN WOMAN AND THE BEAR.

Courage and presence of mind are qualities that every one ought to try and possess.

An Indian woman was once returning home

through the woods. She was all alone, and was anxious to get home before it grew dark, for there were wolves and bears in the woods; and, as it was spring-time, when the bears had awakened from their long winter sleep, she knew that they were very fierce. But soon a rustling in the leaves and a crashing of branches told her that some animal was approaching.

She drew out a long knife, which she was fortunate enough to have with her, and watched for the expected enemy. He soon appeared, in the shape of a huge black bear, and, seeing the woman, came forward to seize her. She, with great presence of mind, put her back against a tree, so that the bear could not easily hug her and squeeze her to death, as bears generally do, and, holding her knife in front of her, waited Bruin's approach.

The bear came slowly on, and when he got near the woman, raised himself on his hind legs to seize her in his powerful fore-paws. The brave woman never lost her presence of mind, even when she saw the glaring eyes of the bear before her face, and felt his hot breath, but calmly stood, and watching her chance, she plunged the knife right into his heart and killed him at once.

If she had attempted to run away, the bear would soon have caught her, and had she not behaved as bravely as she did, there is little doubt but that she would have lost her life.

STORY OF A BEAR.

In one of the new settlements in the back country some hunters went out in chase of some bears that had committed great havoc among their fields. After an exciting chase, they killed two bears. With one of these bears were two young cubs. They were quite small, just like fat young puppies, with black hair and thick, clumsy-looking paws. The hunters caught the little cubs when their mother was shot, and brought them home.

One of these cubs was a very playful little fellow, and was called Jack by the son of one of the hunters. He soon became quite tame, and followed his master about. He was very fond of sugar and fruit, and got into many a scrape trying to get them when he ought not to have done so, just as some naughty boys do.

Jack followed his master to school, and used to play about in the woods till school was over, and then he was always sure of a good supply of apples, and cakes, and maple sugar. Some of the children were afraid of Jack at first, but as he was a playful fellow, never hurting any of them, they soon began to like him, and he became a general favorite.

He knew as well as any of them where the good things were, and if he was not helped, he sometimes helped himself. He enjoyed a gambol and frolic

with the dogs too, but as he was heavier than they were, though not so active, they liked to keep away from too close quarters with Jack.

One day poor Jack was missed, and great was the sorrow of the whole school. Search was made for him everywhere, but without success, and it was supposed that he had met some of his friends in the woods, and had gone away with them.

Well, by and by the boys and girls grew up to be men and women, and the old schoolmaster died, and poor Jack was quite forgotten, until one day, when a new set of children and a new master were in the same school-house, in walked a great black bear.

Such a scrambling was never seen. Every one tried to run away, out of the windows, out of the doors, under the desks; and all were dreadfully frightened. But the bear marched coolly in and seated himself before the fire, looking round as pleased as possible.

Seeing the bags and baskets hanging on the pegs, he started up, raised himself on his hind-legs, and helped himself to all that was good in them, apples and maple sugar, but did not attempt to harm any person.

Having satisfied himself, he walked out again quite leisurely. By this time a general alarm had been raised, and all the young men started in pursuit. As the bear did not attempt to run, he was

soon come up with and shot. But what was the sorrow and surprise when it was found that the bear was no other than their old friend Jack, who had come back to pay them a visit.

They knew it was Jack by some marks on his skin, and that accounted for his being so quiet. He also had known the old school-house again, but the poor fellow did not know that his old playmates were gone.

THE YOUNG MOUSE.

dain-ties	se-date	ex-act-ly
pro-vid-ed	ex-press-ed	re-quires
se-cure-ly	con-vinced	kit-tens
en-vied	con-struct	cran-nies
ex-cur-sion	dwell-ing	ex-qui-site
re-turn-ed	en-ter-ed	be-lieve

In a crack near the cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother resided;
So securely they lived in that snug quiet spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But, one day, the young mouse, who was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,

On a sudden return'd, with such joy in her eyes,
That her gray, sedate parent express'd some surprise.

"O mother," said she, "the good folks of this house,
I'm convinced, have not any ill will to a mouse;
And those tales can't be true you always are telling,
For they've been at such pains to construct us a dwelling.

"The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;
And I'm sure that we there should have nothing to fear,
If ten cats, with their kittens, at once should appear.

"And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out, with no trouble at all;
But forcing one through such rough crannies as these,
Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.

"But the best of all is, they've provided us well
With a large piece of cheese, of most exquisite smell;
'Twas so nice, I had put in my head to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."

"Ah, child," said her mother, "believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat;
Do not think all that trouble they take for our good;
They would catch us, and kill us all there, if they could,

"As they've caught and kill'd scores—and I never could learn
That a mouse who once enter'd did ever return!"
Let the young people mind what the old people say
And when danger is near them, keep out of the way.

THE BOY LOST IN THE BUSH.

back-woods	re-fresh-ed	nu-mer-ous
shan-ty	mur-mur-ing	brush-wood
shout-ed	lis-ten-ing	foot-sore
re-ply	care-ful-ly	en-er-gies
path-less	di-rec-tion	dis-tract-ed
swal-low	cau-tious-ly	ob-sta-cles

Far away in the backwoods there lived a young lad, named Willie Wilson, in an old log-shanty, with his father and mother. They were very poor, and had hard work on their rough bush farm to make both ends meet.

Willie often went into the woods with his father, and while his father was at work, Willie would pick berries or go fishing in the stream. One day, however, Willie had wandered away, not thinking of what he was doing, until it began to grow dark, and he thought it was time to get home. He shouted to his father, but was surprised at not hearing any reply. Louder and louder he called, until he could cry no more, but in the deep thick woods he heard no answering voice. Poor Willie was lost—lost in the pathless forest.

He was not a big boy, but he had a brave heart. He was hungry, and tried to eat some of the berries he had picked, but he could scarcely swallow them, for he felt as if he had a big lump in his throat.

He felt inclined to cry, but, thought he, "it's no use crying; I must try and find my way out." Poor fellow! he wandered on and on, and still the woods looked the same, and still no one answered his cries. It now became so dark that he could see no longer, and as he was quite worn out he laid himself down under a tree, and cried himself to sleep.

Next morning he awoke refreshed, but had to rub his eyes a long time before he could remember where he was. He sat up and looked around, ate a few of his berries, and tried to think of what his father would do if he were there. As he sat there, he thought he heard the murmuring of a stream in the distance. He listened carefully to know the exact direction, then looking straight towards it, off he set to try and reach it. He had seen his father guide himself by always keeping three trees in the same line, and he did so now, and found, to his great delight, that the sound of the water increased. Cautiously looking forward from one tree in front to one still further on, so as not to go either to the right or left out of the straight line, he soon reached the banks of the stream.

He knew now that by keeping along the edge of the stream he would in time come to some clearing. But the wood was dense, the fallen trees numerous, and the brushwood so thick that he had hard work to make any progress. Little by little the berries

went, and still the brave little fellow plodded on, until the second night came on. Weary and foot-sore he again lay down to rest, and again cried himself to sleep, after praying to God to help him and bring him to his parents once more.

Next morning he was very hungry. No berries were to be found, but his brave spirit kept him up, and still he pushed on down the bank of the stream. At last, when almost worn out, his clothes all torn and himself cut and bruised, he spied a little clearing. Gathering all his energies together he managed to reach it, and soon came to a small log-shanty, where he was taken care of. Upon inquiring, it was found that he was now twenty miles from his home, but the kind people, who had taken him in, managed to send word to his distracted father, who joyfully came and took him home. His mother, when she saw him, wept with joy again, after having wept and mourned for her poor lost boy, whom she never expected to see again. Nor, indeed, would Willie have ever reached home, if he had not been brave and determined in spite of all obstacles.

—*Campbell's Second Reader.*

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.

cup-board	laugh-ing	cob-bler
ba-ker	smok-ing	read-ing
join-er	hat-ter	ho-sier
cof-fin	tail-or	dain-ties

Old mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
  To get her poor dog a bone
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
  And so the poor dog got none.

She went to the baker's
  To buy him some bread,

But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking a pipe

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes

The dame made a courtesy
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,
The dog said, "Bow-wow."

This wonderful dog
Was dame Hubbard's delight;
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties,
Whenever he fed;
And built him a tomb-stone,
When he was dead.

PART IV.

THE DOG AND THE BOAT.

grand-fa-ther	gen-er-ous	thith-er
ac-count	pros-pect	sev-er-al
fi-nal-ly	re-gain-ing	pow-er-ful
u-su-al-ly	treas-ure	swim-ming
bit-ter-ly	ad-van-cing	sup-port-ed
at-ten-tion	whin-ing	re-straint
gen-tle-man	slight-est	ex-am-ple
be-liev-ing	prog-ress	lus-ti-ly
o-pin-ion	con-tra-ry	com-plet-ed
thor-ough-ly	as-sist-ance	has-ti-ly

Master Tom had come down to the river to sail little boat which his grandfather had given him.

It was all very pleasant, until the string which held the little craft broke, and away it went for a cruise on its own account, and finally stuck fast on a buoy, to which a boat was usually moored.

Poor Tom was sadly put out at this mishap, and like many boys who ought to know better, he began to cry bitterly. His cries attracted the attention of a gentleman passing, who had a fine dog with him.

"Why, what 's the matter, my little man? Don't cry so, and we 'll see if we can't find a way of getting the boat again. You must ask my dog to get it for you. Come here, Faust," and he whistled to the dog. "Now, say to him, 'Please, Mr Faust, go and get my boat for me.'"

Tommy did so, half laughing and half crying, but fully believing in the powers of the dog. And the gentleman, jerking a stone into the water just beyond where the boat lay, drew Faust's attention to it.

With a bound the noble dog dashed into the water, swam out to the boat, seized it in his jaws, and turned his head towards the bank again, Tommy screaming with delight at the prospect of regaining his lost treasure.

Instead, however, of advancing at once towards the shore, the dog seemed to remain in the same place, beating the water with his paws to keep himself afloat, and whining gently, as if he was in trouble.

The gentleman called him, but that only seemed to make him struggle harder, without making the slightest progress. A knot of people soon gathered round the spot, each one giving his own opinion as to what was wrong.

At last the gentleman, by raising himself up by a branch of a tree, was able to perceive the cause of his poor dog's danger. The string had become twisted round the buoy, and poor Faust was caught by it too.

He now became very anxious, as Faust was a great favorite, and sent hither and thither for a boat, but there was none to be had. The poor dog's struggles seemed to grow weaker and weaker; and at last the gentleman could bear it no longer, and, throwing off his coat, vest, and neckcloth, said, "He shall not perish, if I can help it, my noble Faust. Who will lend me a knife?"

Several were at once offered, and seizing one, he dashed into the water, and swam out with powerful strokes to the struggling animal. As soon as the poor dog perceived his master coming, he ceased howling, and redoubled his efforts to keep himself afloat.

The gentleman soon reached the buoy, and swimming round the dog to avoid the stroke of his paws, he supported himself by resting one hand on the buoy, and, grasping the knife with the other, severed the string at one stroke.

The dog, freed from restraint, at once rose higher in the water; and, as if to thank his master, he swam to him with the little boat in his mouth, quite forgetting in his affection his own struggles and danger.

Merely waiting to assure himself that the noble animal had strength enough to regain the bank, his master set him the example by quitting the buoy and striking out lustily for the shore. But now the weight of his clothes, thoroughly soaked as they had become, began to tell on him, and his strokes became weaker, while his breath came short and thick. Faust, on the contrary, swam bravely on, and reached the shore before his master had completed half the distance.

The dog dropped the boat on the bank, and merely stopping to shake the water from his ears, the generous animal plunged in again to meet his master. It was well he did so, for his master's strength was fast failing him; but availing himself of the dog's assistance, he placed one arm across his back, and paddling with the other, he half swam and was half dragged to the bank in safety.

After wringing the water from his hair, he hastily resumed his coat and vest, while the crowd around cheered him lustily. And truly a fine sight it was to see the noble dog and his brave master walk off together.

I. TRY AGAIN.—II. "MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM."

pa-ti-ence	threat-en-ing
as-sail-ed	o-ver-whelm
dis-tract-ing	an-chor
stead-fast	re-mem-ber-ing
com-po-sure	fear-less

TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,—
Try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try again.
Let your courage then appear,
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear;
Try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try again.
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we may not win the race.
What should you do in that case?
Try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again.

All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view,—
Try again.

"MY FATHER 'S AT THE HELM."

The curling waves with awful roar
A little boat assail'd;
And pallid fear's distracting power
O'er all on board prevail'd.

Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast view'd the storm,
And cheerful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

"Why sport'st thou thus," a seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm?"
"Why should I fear?" the boy replied,
"My father's at the helm!"

So when our world by all is reft,
Our earthly helper gone,
We still have one true anchor left,
God helps, and He alone.

Then turn to Him, 'mid sorrows wild,
When wants and woes o'erwhelm;
Remembering, like the fearless child,
Our Father's at the helm.

THE BOY AND HIS DOG.

sev-er-al	sin-gu-lar	mourn-ing
re-main-ed	dole-ful-ly	re-fus-ed

A little boy, of the name of Darwin, had a beautiful spaniel dog, which was called Argus.

The boy was taken ill, and after a few days' sickness, died, and the dog, who seemed to mourn

for him as much as any one, followed the family to the grave.

For several days the dog was missed from the house; but at length he returned, and after looking around as if in search of something, he went away.

Again he returned and went as before; and what is very singular, the family missed several things that belonged to little Darwin.

One day they watched the dog when he came back, and saw him take his young master's top, and run off with it towards the grave-yard.

On following the dog they found, in a hole which he had scraped in the grave, a cap, a pair of shoes, and several toys.

They took poor Argus away, and shut him up at home; but he refused to eat, and moaned so dolefully that they let him go. As soon as he was free, he again ran off to the grave, and there the kind little animal remained till he died, mourning for his lost master.

THE STORY OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

east-ern	pro-phe-cy	reign-ing
re-mot-est	sub-jec-tion	Gal-i-lee
won-der-ful	im-a-gine	gov-ern-ed
pro-phets	la-ment-ing	di-rec-tion
Beth-le-hem	joy-ful-ly	Naz-a-reth
ex-pect-ed	friend-ship	hence-forth

Many of the Eastern nations, and among others the Jews, had been taught from the remotest ages to expect the birth of a great and wonderful King, who should reign over all the people of the earth. One of the prophets of Israel had spoken of Him as a Star rising out of Jacob; and, owing to this, the appearance of a bright star had been looked for to show the time of His birth.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, wise men, living in a distant country of the East, saw a beautiful star in the heavens, which seemed to

point out the way to the chief city of the Jews. So they came there and asked where He was who was born King of the Jews, for they had seen His star in the East, and were come to worship Him. The people of the city, together with Herod their king, were greatly troubled when they heard these words. So Herod called together the chief priests, and the most learned men in the city, and asked them where it was that the Christ was expected to be born. They told him in Bethlehem of Judea; for there was an old prophecy that out of that city should come one who was to rule over Israel.

Then Herod sent for the wise men, and after he had asked them about the star, which they had seen, he bade them go to Bethlehem, find out the young child, and bring him word that he might go and worship Him. So they went to Bethlehem, which was only a few miles off. And as they went, the star, which they had seen in their own far-off country in the East, moved on before them till it stood over where the young child was. And when they came to Him, they kneeled down before Him, and gave Him rich gifts of gold and silver, and other precious things, in token of their duty and subjection to Him.

Now, when Herod had desired the wise men to bring him word where the young child was, that he might go and worship Him, he had deceived them. He did not want to worship Him, but to kill Him; for as Jesus was called King of the Jews, Herod

feared that He might some day take his kingdom from him. God, who knows everything, even the very thoughts that men imagine they are hiding in their hearts, knew how wickedly Herod was intending to act. So, in a dream, God told the wise men not to return to him, and they therefore went back again to their own country by another way.

Herod waited anxiously for the return of the wise men. But when he found they had gone home again without coming to him as he had told them, he was in a furious rage; and, in order to make sure that the child Jesus should not escape him, he sent out his soldiers to kill all the young children under two years old, not only in Bethlehem itself, but in all the country round about it. Oh, what weeping and lamenting were there, when the cruel king killed all their little children!

But God had provided for the safety of Him who was indeed the Son of God, though He was thought to be the son of Joseph, Mary's husband. After the wise men had left Bethlehem, God sent an angel to Joseph, to bid him take the young child and his mother, and escape with them into the land of Egypt, because Herod sought Jesus on purpose to kill Him. The angel told him this in a dream. But Joseph knew that God had sent him; so they at once fled for their lives into Egypt. Nor did they return to their own country till the angel, as he had said he would, again came to Joseph in a dream,

and told him that as the wicked king was dead, they might now go back to their own home. Then they joyfully set out on their journey to the land of Israel. But when they got there and found that one of Herod's sons, who was as wicked and cruel as his father, reigned over Judea in his place, Joseph was afraid of going thither. God, however, directed him, in a dream, to go to another part of the country of the Jews, called Galilee, which was many miles from the chief city where the king that Joseph feared was reigning. Galilee also was governed by a milder ruler than Judea was. His name was Antipas; and though these two kings were brothers, there was no friendship between them. So there was everything to make it safe for the holy family to go and live there.

When Joseph and Mary, with their child, whom they named Jesus, came by God's direction into Galilee, they took up their abode in a city called Nazareth, which was henceforth the home of our blessed Lord.

And the child Jesus grew up in health and strength, with wisdom far above that of a common child. And God, His Father, blessed Him, so that He grew in favor with both God and man.

THE GUARDSMAN AND HIS HORSE.

guards-man	car-ess-ing	head-gear
be-long-ing	a-gainst	mean-while
sud-den-ly	af-fect-ed	whin-ny
shout-ed	cab-man	good-na-tur-ed
e-mo-tion	for-aged	in-qui-ry
re-gard-less	mut-ter-ing	four-foot-ed
Val-i-ant	corn-chand-ler	light-en-ed

A soldier belonging to the Life Guards was walking along the street one day, when he was seen to stop suddenly, look across the street, and then rush over to a horse standing with an empty cab on the other side of the way.

"I know him, I know him," he shouted, in a

voice of emotion, regardless of the passers-by; "it 's my own old Valiant, my dear old fellow."

The poor horse seemed to know his caressing hand and voice, for he laid back his ears and pushed his nose against the soldier, who was very much affected at meeting his old friend again.

The cabman, too, who came up at that moment, was touched at the scene. After a few moments, the guardsman foraged in his pocket, muttering, as he did so,

"He shall have it, if it was the last, the dear old boy. Yes; it isn't much, but it 's enough for a feed of corn, and I 'll treat him to it, that I will."

There was a corn-chandler's near, and off the soldier ran with the nosebag for a feed of corn; and to see him undo the headgear and put on the bag, the horse meanwhile seeming to whinny and paw with pleasure, made so hearty a picture that it was no wonder some little boys cried "Hurrah!" and the cabman shook hands with the good-natured soldier.

"Be good to him," said the poor fellow, "use him well. He 's as good a bit of stuff as ever was in harness;" and then he made inquiry as to where the present stable of his four-footed friend was.

He then went on his way, his pocket lightened perhaps of his last coin, but his heart warmed; and I have no doubt, from the look of the man's kind face, that as often from that time as he could he looked in to see old Valiant. —*Mrs Balfour.*

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

com-mo-tion	blus-ter-ing	ker-chiefs
scat-ter-ing	mon-ster	poul-try
shut-ters	mat-ron-ly	gob-bled
whisk-ing	of-fend-ed	threat-en-ed
mer-ci-less	sa-lute	ho-li-day
bon-nets	ca-per-ing	bil-low-y
gin-ger-bread	whist-ling	stag-ger-ing
lus-ti-er	trav-el-ler	gleam-ing
trun-dled	stur-dy	fro-lic-some
ur-chins	dwell-ers	tur-keys
thiev-ish	mid-sum-mer	sea-bird

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes,
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the field it went, blust'ring and humming,
And the cattle all wonder'd what monster was coming;

It pluck'd by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And toss'd the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turn'd their backs, and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,—
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold, that it fear'd not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roar'd, and cried, gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I 'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it crack'd their great branches through and through.

Then it rush'd like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm:
There were dames with their 'kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese scream'd aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs were laid on,
Where the thatch from the roof threaten'd soon to be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a school-boy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it toss'd him and twirl'd him, then pass'd, and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea;
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.

But lo! it was night and it sunk to rest,
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think in its frolicsome fun,
How little of mischief it had done.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS ASS.

dis-mount-ing	com-plais-ance	trudg-ing
shoul-ders	whist-ling	crip-pled

An old man and his little boy were driving an ass to the market to sell. "What a fool is this fellow," says a man upon the road, "to be trudging on foot with his son, that his ass may go light!" The old man, hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by his side. "Why, sirrah," cries a second man to the boy, "is it fit for you to

be riding, while your poor aged father is walking on foot?" The father, upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the ass and mounted himself. "Do you see," says a third, "how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost crippled with walking?" The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him. "Pray, honest friend," says a fourth, "is that ass your own?" "Yes," says the man. "One would not have thought so," replies the other, "by your loading him as you do without mercy. You and your son are better able to carry the poor beast than he is to carry you."

"Anything to please," says the owner; and dismounting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and by the help of a pole tried to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town.

This was so amusing a sight, that the people came in crowds to laugh at it; till the ass, not liking the too great complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords which tied him, slipped from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the best of his way home, ashamed and vexed, that, by trying to please everybody, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.

THE BEST FUN.

com-pan-ions	e-ven-ing	wear-i-some
as-sem-bled	un-ob-serv-ed	pro-po-sal
sep-ar-a-ted	a-bun-dant	ac-ced-ed
im-pa-tient	re-si-dence	af-ter-wards
sat-is-fac-tion	de-mur-red	in-vo-ca-tion
car-pen-ters	ma-jor-i-ty	de-lib-er-ate

"Now, boys, I'll tell you how we can have some fun," said Freddie to his companions, who had assembled on a beautiful moonlight evening, for sliding, snow-balling, and fun in general.

"How?" "Where?" "What is it?" asked several eager voices all at once.

"I heard Widow M'Kay tell a man a little while ago," replied Freddie, "that she would go over and sit up with a sick child to-night. She said she would be over about eight o'clock. Now, as soon as she is gone, let us go and make a big snow man on her door-step, so that when she comes back in the morning, she cannot get into her house without first knocking it out of the way."

"Capital," "First-rate," "Hurrah," shouted some of the boys.

"See here," said Charlie, "I'll tell you the best fun."

"What is it?" again inquired several voices at once.

"Wait a while," said Charlie. "Who has a wood saw?"

"I have," "So have I," "And I," answered three of the boys. "But what in the world do you want a wood saw for?"

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "It is almost eight o'clock now, so go and get your saws. You, Freddie and Nathan, get each an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let us all be back here in fifteen minutes, and then I'll show you the fun."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering what the fun would be, and what possible use could be made of wood saws and axes in their play. But Charlie was not only a great favorite with them all, but also a leader, and they fully believed in him and in his promise. They all ran quickly, and they were soon again assembled.

"Now," said Charlie, "Mrs M'Kay is gone, for I met her when I was coming back, so let us be off at once."

"But what are you going to do?" inquired several impatient members of the party.

"You shall see directly," replied the leader, as they approached the humble residence of Mrs M'Kay.

"Now, boys," said Charlie, "you see that pile of wood; a man hauled it here this afternoon, and I heard Mrs M'Kay tell him that unless she got some one to saw it to-night, she would have hardly anything to make a fire of in the morning. Now we can saw and split that pile of wood just about as easy as we

could build a great snow-man, and when Mrs M'Kay comes home from her watching, she will be fully as much surprised to find her wood sawed, as she would to find a snow man on her door step, and a great deal more pleasantly surprised too. What say you? Will you do it?"

One or two of the boys rather demurred at first. They didn't like to saw wood, they said. But the majority were in favor of Charlie's project, so they finally joined in and went to work with a will.

"I'll go round to the back of the shed," said Charlie, "and crawl through the window and unfasten the door. Then we will take turns in sawing, splitting, and carrying in the wood; and I want to pile it up nicely, and to shovel all the snow away from the door; and a good wide path, too, from the door to the street—won't it be fun, when she comes home and sees it?"

The boys began to enjoy the fun, for they felt that they were doing a good deed, and each one felt that pleasure and joy which always result from well-doing.

It was not a long or wearisome job for seven robust and healthy boys, to saw, split, and pile up the poor widow's half-cord of wood, and to shovel a good path. And when it was done, so great was their pleasure and satisfaction, that one of the boys who objected to the work at first, proposed that they should go to a neighboring carpenter's shop, (where

plenty of shavings could be had for the carrying away,) and each bring an armful of kindling wood. The proposal was readily acceded to, and this done, they repaired to their several homes, all of them more than satisfied with the "fun" of the evening. And next morning, when the weary widow returned from watching by the sick-bed, and saw what was done, she was pleasantly surprised; and afterwards, when a neighbor (who had, unobserved, witnessed the labors of the boys) told how it was done, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys," was of itself, if they could but have heard it, an abundant reward for their labors.

Ah! boys and girls! the best fun is always found in doing something that is kind and useful. This is the deliberate opinion of a gray-headed old man; but if you doubt it in the least, just try it for yourselves, and you will be convinced.

THE BEGGAR-MAN.

in-clem-ent	com-fort-a-ble	beg-gar-man
tot-ter-ing	wrin-kled	stiff-en-ing
toil-some	hos-pit-a-ble	droop-ing

Around the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;

The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round and careless chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard t' implore:—

"Cold blows the blast across the moor;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
The toilsome mountain lies before;
A dreary treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age;
No road, no path, can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen inclement sky.

"So faint I am—these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear,
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have pass'd!"

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar-man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came
And warm'd his stiffening hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheer'd his drooping soul;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er,
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had been before.

—*Aikin.*

TRY AGAIN.

ne-glect-ing	dig-ni-ty	dis-cour-age
en-tan-gled	per-se-ver-ance	pro-ceed-ed
as-sist-ance	fa-vor-a-ble	ob-jec-tion
loos-en-ed	fail-ures	pro-per-ly

"Will you give my kite a lift?" said my little nephew to his sister, after trying in vain to make it fly by dragging it along the ground.

Lucy very kindly took it up, and threw it into the air; but her brother neglecting to run off at the same moment, the kite fell down again.

"Ah, now, how awkward you are!" said the little fellow.

"It was your fault entirely," answered his sister.

"Try again, children," said I; and Lucy once more took up the kite; but now John was in too great a hurry, he ran off so suddenly that he twitched it out of her hand; and the kite fell flat as before.

"Well, who is to blame now?" asked Lucy.

"Try again," said I.

They did, and with more care; but a side-wind

coming suddenly, as Lucy let go the kite, it was blown among some shrubs, and the tail got entangled in a moment, leaving the poor kite hanging with its head downwards.

"There, there," exclaimed John; "that comes of your throwing it all to one side."

"As if I could make the wind blow straight!" said Lucy.

In the meantime I went to the kite's assistance, and having loosened the long tail, I rolled it up, saying, "Come, children, there are too many trees here; let us find a more open space, and then try again."

We presently found a nice grass-plot, at one side of which I took my stand; and all things being prepared, I tossed the kite up, just as little John ran off. It rose with all the dignity of a balloon, and promised a lofty flight; but John, delighted to find it pulling so hard at the string, stopped short to look upwards and admire.—The string slackened, and the wind not being very favorable, down came the kite to the grass.

"O John, you should not have stopped," said I. "However, try again."

"I won't try any more," replied he, rather sullenly. "It is of no use, you see. The kite won't fly, and I don't want to be plagued with it any longer."

"Oh fie, my little man! would you give up the sport after all the pains we have taken both to make and to fly the kite! A few failures ought not

to discourage us. Come, I have wound up your string; and now, Try again."

And he did try, and succeeded, for the kite was carried up on the breeze as lightly as a feather; and when the string was all out, John stood in great delight, holding fast the stick, and gazing on the kite, which now seemed as a little white speck in the blue sky. "Look, look, aunt, how high it flies; and it pulls like a team of horses, so that I can hardly hold it. I wish I had a mile of string—I am sure it would go to the end of it."

After enjoying the sight as long as he pleased, little John proceeded to roll up the string slowly; and when the kite fell, he took it up with great glee, saying that it was not at all hurt, and that it had behaved very well. "Shall we come out to-morrow, aunt, after lessons, and Try again?"

"I have no objection, my dear, if the weather be fine. And now, as we walk home, tell me what you have learned from your morning's sport."

"I have learned to fly my kite properly."

"You may thank aunt for it, brother," said Lucy; "for you would have given it up long ago, if she had not persuaded you to Try again."

"Yes, my dear children, I wish to teach you the value of perseverance, even when nothing more depends upon it than the flying of a kite. Whenever you fail in your attempts to do any good thing, let your motto be—Try again."

I. ANGRY WORDS.—II. A LITTLE WORD.

wear-ing	im-pulse	de-so-late
sad-dest	friend-ship	bit-ter-est
un-bri-dled	reck-less	kind-ness
sin-cere	mem-o-ries	per-son

ANGRY WORDS.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.

Angry words! oh let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.

Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirr'd,
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

A LITTLE WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,

Has often heal'd the heart that 's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crush'd to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but own'd its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

THE LIAR AND THE TRUTHFUL BOY.

pun-ish-ed	i-ron-ing	neigh-bor-hood
con-fess-ed	de-ter-mined	bra-zier
af-ter-wards	per-suade	neigh-bors
fright-en-ed	hes-i-ta-ting	dif-fer-ence
di-rect-ly	hap-pen-ed	sig-ni-fy

Frank and Robert were two little boys about eight years of age. Whenever Frank did anything wrong he always told his father and mother of it; and when anybody asked about anything which he had done or said, he always told the *truth*, so that everybody who knew him believed him.

But nobody who knew his brother Robert believed a word he said, because he used to tell *lies*.

Whenever he did anything wrong, he did not run to his father and mother to tell them of it; but when they asked him about it, he denied it, and said he had not done the things which he had done.

The reason that Robert told lies was, because he was afraid of being punished for his faults, if he confessed them. He was a coward, and could not bear the least pain; but Frank was a brave boy, and could bear to be punished for his little faults: his mother never punished him so much for such little faults, as she did Robert for the lies which he told, and which she found out afterwards.

One evening, these two little boys were playing together in a room by themselves; their mother

was ironing in a room next to them, and their father was out at work in the fields, so there was nobody in the room with Robert and Frank; but there was a little dog, Trusty, lying by the fireside.

Trusty was a pretty, playful little dog, and the children were very fond of him.

"Come," said Robert to Frank, "there is Trusty lying beside the fire asleep: let us go and waken him, and he will play with us."

"Oh, yes, do let us!" said Frank; so they both ran together towards the hearth to waken the dog.

Now, there was a basin of milk standing upon the hearth; and the little boys did not see whereabouts it stood, for it was behind them. As they were both playing with the dog, they kicked it with their feet, and threw it down; and the basin broke, and all the milk ran out of it over the hearth and about the floor. And when the little boys saw what they had done, they were very sorry and frightened; but they did not know what to do. They stood for some time looking at the broken basin and the milk without speaking.

Robert spoke first. "So we shall have no milk for supper to-night," said he, and he sighed.

"No milk for supper!—why not?" said Frank "Is there no more milk in the house?"

"Yes, but we shall have none of it; for do you not remember last Monday, when we threw down the milk, my mother said we were very careless,

and that the next time we did so, we should have no more? And this is the next time; so we shall have no milk for supper to-night."

"Well, then," said Frank, "we must do without it, that's all; we will take care another time; there's no great harm done; come, let us run and tell our mother. You know she bids us always tell her directly when we break anything; so come," said he, taking hold of his brother's hand.

"I will come just now," said Robert; "don't be in such a hurry, Frank. Can't you stay a minute?" So Frank stayed; and then he said, "Come now, Robert." But Robert answered, "Stay a little longer; for I dare not go yet. I am afraid."

Little boys, I advise you never to be afraid to tell the truth; never say, "Stay a minute," and "Stay a little longer," but run directly and tell of what you have done that is wrong.

Frank said no more; but as his brother would not come, he went without him. He opened the door of the next room, where he thought his mother was ironing; but when he went in, he found that she was out, and he thought she was gone to fetch more clothes to iron. The clothes, he knew, were hanging on the bushes in the garden; and he ran after her to tell her what had happened.

Now, whilst Frank was gone, Robert was left in the room by himself; and all the while he was alone, he was thinking of some excuses to make to

his mother, and he was sorry that Frank was gone to tell her the truth. He said to himself, "If Frank and I both were to say that we did not throw down the basin, she would believe us, and we should have milk for supper. I am sorry Frank would go to tell her about it."

Just as he said this to himself, he heard his mother coming down stairs; and then this naughty, cowardly boy determined to tell his mother a lie. So when she came into the room, and asked, "Who did this?" Robert said, "I don't know."

"You don't know, Robert! Tell me the truth. I shall not be angry with you, child. You will only lose the milk at supper; and as for the basin, I would rather have you break all the basins I have than tell me a lie. I ask you, Robert, did you break the basin?"

"No, mother, I did not," said Robert, and he colored like fire.

"Then where is Frank? Did he do it?"

"No, mother, he did not," said Robert; "for he was in hopes that when Frank came in he should persuade him to say that he did not do it."

"How do you know," said the mother, "that Frank did not do it?"

"Because — because — because, mother," said Robert, hesitating, as liars do for an excuse, "because I was in the room all the time, and I did not see him do it."

"Then how was the basin thrown down? If you have been in the room all the time, you can tell."

Then Robert, going on from one lie to another, answered, "I suppose the dog must have done it."

"Did you see him do it?" said his mother.

"Yes," said this wicked boy.

"Trusty, Trusty," said she, turning round; and Trusty, who was lying before the fire drying his legs, which were wet with milk, jumped up and came to her. Then she said, "Fie! fie! Trusty," pointing to the milk. "Get me a switch out of the garden, Robert; Trusty must be beat for this."

Robert ran for the switch, and in the garden he met his brother. He stopped him, and told him in a great hurry all that he had said to his mother, and begged of him not to tell the truth, but to say the same as he had done.

"No, I will not tell a lie," said Frank. "What! is Trusty to be beat? He did not throw down the milk, and he shall not be beat for it. Let me go to my mother."

They both ran towards the house. Robert got home first, and he locked the house-door, that Frank might not come in. He gave the switch to his mother.

Poor Trusty! he looked up as the switch was lifted over his head; but he could not speak to tell the truth. Just as the blow was falling upon him, Frank's voice was heard at the window.

"Stop, stop! dear mother, stop!" cried he, as loud as ever he could call. "Trusty did not do it; let me in. Robert and I did it, but do not beat Robert."

"Let us in, let us in!" cried another voice, which Robert knew to be his father's. "I am just come from work, and here is the door locked."

Robert turned as pale as ashes when he heard his father's voice; for his father always whipped him when he told a lie.

His mother went to the door, and unlocked it.

"What is all this?" cried his father, as he came in; so his mother told him all that had happened.

"Where is the switch with which you were going to beat Trusty?" said he.

Then Robert, who saw by his father's looks that he was going to beat him, fell upon his knees and cried for mercy, saying, "Forgive me this time, and I will never tell a lie again."

But his father caught hold of him by the arm; "I will whip you now," said he, "and then I hope you will not." So Robert was whipped till he cried so loud with pain that the whole neighborhood could hear him.

"There," said his father, when he had done, "now go without supper. You are to have no milk to-night, and you have been whipped. See how liars are served!" Then turning to Frank: "Come here and shake hands with me, Frank. You

will have no milk for supper, but that does not signify; you have told the truth, and have not been whipped, and everybody is pleased with you. And now I will tell you what I will do for you. I will give you the little dog Trusty, to be your own dog. You shall feed him, and take care of him, and he shall be your dog. You have saved him from a beating, and I will answer for it you will be a good master to him. Trusty, Trusty, come here."

Trusty came. Then Frank's father took off Trusty's collar. "To-morrow I will go to the brazier's," added he, "and get a new collar made for your dog. From this day forward he shall always be called after you, Frank! And, wife, whenever any of the neighbors' children ask why the dog Trusty is to be called Frank, tell them this story of our two boys: let them know the difference between a liar and a boy of truth."

A MORAL.

The finest cloth that men can sell
  Wears out when years are past;
The pitcher oft goes to the well,
  But it is broke at last:
And both alike this moral tell,
  Virtue alone stands fast.

I. DEEDS OF KINDNESS.—II. HUMILITY.

trav-el-ler	moist-en	a-dor-a-tion
fra-grant	night-in-gale	foot-stool
dew-drop	hu-mil-i-ty	near-est

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
  Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
  I'd better not grow up;"
How many a weary traveller
  Would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve
  To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
  Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
  I'd better roll away;"
The blade on which it rested,
  Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
  Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
  Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
  The traveller on his way;

Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most, when most his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

I. THE BOLD BOY AND THE COWARD. —II. BY-AND-BY.—III. THE FOX AND THE DRAKE.

quar-rel	guid-ance	pis-tol
mis-chief	moon-light	en-deav-or
de-served	thwart-ing	un-der-tak-ing

THE BOLD BOY AND THE COWARD.

Two boys were one day going home from school, when, on turning the corner of a street, the bigger of the two called out, "A fight! a fight! let us go and see." "No," said the other, "let us go home; we have nothing to do with the quarrel, and may get into mischief." "You are a coward, and afraid to go," said the other, and off he ran.

The younger went straight home, and next day as he was going to school some of the other boys met him, and laughed at him a great deal for not going to the fight. But he did not mind them much, as he had no reason to be ashamed of what he had done, and he knew that true courage was shown most in bearing blame when it is not deserved.

A few days after, these boys were all bathing, when one of them got into deep water, and began to drown. The boys were all afraid to go near him, and got out of the water as fast as they could.

The lad would very soon have been lost, had not the boy who would not go to the fight, and who had been laughed at by them as a coward, just then come up. He at once threw off his clothes, and jumping into the water, just reached the boy in time, and by great effort brought him to shore.

The other boys were now all much ashamed, and confessed he had more courage than any of them.

BY-AND-BY.

There 's a little mischief-making
Elfin, who is ever nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking,
And his name is By-and-By.

" What we ought to do this minute,
Will be better done," he 'll cry,

"If to-morrow we begin it—
Put it off," says By-and-By.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing
Will his faithless guidance rue—
What we always put off doing,
Clearly we shall never do.

We shall reach what we endeavor
If on "Now" we more rely;
But unto the realms of "Never,"
Leads the pilot "By-and-By."

THE FOX AND THE DRAKE.

The fox jump'd up on a moonlight night,
The stars were shining, and all things bright;
O ho! said the fox, it 's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-oh

The fox, when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his ears, and he listen'd a while;
O ho! said the fox, it 's but a short mile
From this unto yonder town, e-oh!

The fox, when he came to the farmer's gate,
Whom should he see but the farmer's drake?
I love you so well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bones, e-oh

The gray goose she ran round the hay-stack:
O ho! said the fox, you are very fat;
You 'll do very well to ride on my back
From this unto yonder town, e-oh!

The farmer's wife, she jump'd out of bed,
And out of the window she popp'd her head:
Oh, husband! oh, husband! the geese are all dead,
For the fox has been through the town, e-oh!

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the head:
Ah, ah! said the farmer, I think you 're quite dead,
And no more you 'll trouble the town, e-oh!

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

Whit-ting-ton	ex-haust-ed	in-fect-ed
four-teen	fa-tigue	cap-it-al
kn ow-ledge	Fitz-war-ren	di-vert-ing
ig-n o-rance	dis-turb-ed	bar-bar-ous
vex-a-tion	o-ver-heard	am-i-able
wag-on-er	tor-ment-or	com-pan-ion
ad-dress-ed	May-or	spe-ci-al
un-i-corn	dis-con-tent-ed	re-solv-ed
in-tro-duce	val-u-able	dis-tinct-ly
en-coun-ter-ed	be-fall-en	at-tach-ment
mo-des-ty	lib-er-al	grat-i-tude
knight-ed	sus-pect-ed	com-pa-ny
loy-al-ly	ful-fill-ing	cit-i-zen
re-al-i-ty	bor-row-ed	par-li-a-ment

In the reign of King Edward the Third, there lived in a small country village a poor couple, named Whittington, who had a son called Dick. His parents dying when he was very young, he could scarcely remember them at all; and as he was not old enough to work, he was for a long time badly off, until a kind but poor old woman took pity on him, and made her little cottage his home.

She always gave him good advice; and as he was hard-working and well-behaved, he became quite a favorite in the village. When he was fourteen

years old, and had grown up to be a stout, good-looking lad, the good old woman died, and he had to look out how to earn his living by his own efforts. Now Dick was a boy of quick parts, and fond of gaining knowledge by asking questions of everybody who could tell him something useful. In this way he had heard much about the wonderful city of London; more, indeed, than was true, for the country-folks were fond of talking of it as a place where the streets were paved with gold. This arose from their ignorance, for very few indeed amongst them had ever seen it. Although Dick was not such a ninny as to believe this nonsense,

yet he felt very curious to go to London and see it with his own eyes, hoping in so great and wealthy a place he should get on better than he could in a poor country village.

One fine summer morning, therefore, he boldly started on his journey, with but a trifle of money in his pocket, yet full of good spirits and hope. When he had walked on for some hours, he felt very tired, and was rather alarmed at the thought of how he was to get over the ground. While he was thinking about this, he heard the wheels of a heavy wagon on its way to London, slowly coming along the road behind him. This rough sound was like music to his ears, weary as he then was. As soon as the wagoner came up, Dick without much ado told him his plan, and begged that he might have a lift until his legs were rested enough to let him walk again. This the man agreed to, and so, partly by riding, and partly by walking side by side with the wagoner, Dick managed to reach the great city he was so anxious to behold.

Though Dick's heart beat with joy on finding himself really in London, he was not quite pleased with the look of the streets and houses. He had fancied to himself a grander and richer sort of place than the city seemed to him at first sight to be. But this is a very common kind of mistake—indeed, we all of us make it sometimes; in our fancy, everything we have yet to see appears only on its bright

side, but in reality everything has its dark side as well. Dick soon found out this truth for himself, as we shall see presently.

After Dick had parted with the friendly wagoner, he had only a groat left out of his little store of money; a night's lodging, and a scanty meal or two soon exhausted this, and after wandering about for a whole day, he felt so weary and faint from fatigue and hunger, that he threw himself down on the steps of a doorway, and resting his head on this hard pillow, slept soundly until morning. Not knowing what to do, he walked on further, and looking about him, his eye fell on a strange-looking knocker on the door of a large house, just like the face of a black monkey grinning. He could not help grinning too, and then he began to think there could be no great harm if he lifted the knocker and waited to see who should appear. Now, the house stood in a busy part of London, and belonged to a worthy merchant of the name of Fitzwarren, who had a daughter called Alice, of about the same age as Dick. It was the cook, a sour-looking, ill-tempered woman, who opened the door. When she saw it was a poor, ill-dressed, country lad who had disturbed her at breakfast, she began to abuse him roughly and to order him away. Luckily for Dick, Mr Fitzwarren, who was a kind, polite gentleman, came up to the door at this moment, and listened carefully to the poor lad's story; and so much struck

was he with his truthful aspect and simple language that he kindly ordered Dick to be taken into the house and cared for, until he should be able to get his living in some decent way.

Alice, the merchant's daughter, who had overheard all this, and well knowing the unfeeling nature of the cook, did all she could to save Dick from the cook's ill will and harsh treatment. Her own kindness of heart made her feel for the distress of the poor orphan boy, and she tried her best to make her parents take some interest in his welfare. She succeeded so far, that they agreed Dick should remain in the house if he could make himself useful by assisting the cook, and in other ways. This, however, was not a very easy matter, for the cook never liked the boy from the first, and did all she could to spite him. Amongst her other acts of cruelty, she made him sleep on a wretched hard bed placed in an old loft, sadly infested with rats and mice. Dick dared not to complain; and besides, he did not like to make mischief; so he bore with his trouble as long as he could, and resolved at length, when he should have money enough, to buy himself a cat. Now, it happened that, within a very few days from this, a poor woman, passing by the door while he was cleaning it, offered to sell him a cat, and when she heard his story, let him have it for a penny.

Dick took his prize up to his loft, and there kept

pussy in an old wicker basket, with a cover to it, to be out of the cook's sight, as he feared she would do the cat a mischief if she found her straying about. Now and then he would take pussy with him when he went out on errands, so that they soon became great friends. Not only was pussy a capital mouser, and very soon got rid of his nightly visitors, the rats and mice, but she was very clever and quick in learning many diverting tricks that her master tried to make her perform. One day when Dick was amusing himself with her antics, he was surprised by his young mistress, Alice, who became afterwards almost as fond of the cat as Dick was himself.

This young lady always remained the poor lad's friend, and this cheered him up under the barbarous usage he received from the cook, who sometimes beat him severely. Alice was not beautiful in person, but what was of greater real value to her, she was truly amiable in temper, and had the most pleasing manners. It was no wonder, then, that Whittington, smarting under the ill treatment of the coarse cookmaid, should regard his kind young mistress as nothing less than an angel; whilst the modesty of the youth, his correct conduct, his respectful bearing, and his love of truth interested Alice so much in his behalf, that she persuaded her father to let one of the young men teach him to write, for he could already read very well; and the

progress he made in this, and in acquiring further knowledge, was a matter of surprise to all.

Mr Fitzwarren, as we have said, was a merchant; and it was his custom, whenever one of his ships went out, to call his family and servants around him, and ask them all in turn to make a little venture, according to their wishes or power, under the special charge of the captain. Poor Whittington was the only one absent when this next happened; he, poor fellow, felt ashamed that he possessed nothing of value to send as his venture. But he was called for, and told that he must produce something—no matter what—to try his luck. The poor youth then burst into tears, from very vexation and shame, when his kind friend Alice whispered in his ear, "Send your cat, Dick;" and forthwith he was ordered to take Pussy, his faithful friend and companion, on board, and place her in the hands of the captain. His young mistress, however, took good care to make the mouser's good qualities known to the captain, so that he might make the most of her for Dick's benefit.

After the loss of his cat Dick felt rather sorrowful, and this was not made less by the taunts and jeers of his old enemy, the cook, who used to tease him constantly about his "fine venture," and the great fortune he was to make by it. Poor fellow! she led him a wretched life; and as his young mistress, besides, was soon after absent from home

on a visit, he lost heart entirely, and could no longer bear to live in the same house with his tormentor.

In this gloomy state of mind, he resolved to quit Mr Fitzwarren's house, and he started off one morning very early, unnoticed by any one, and wandered some distance out of town. Tired and wretched, he flung himself upon a large stone by the roadside, which, from his having rested himself upon it, is called Whittington's Stone to this day. He presently sank into a sort of doze, from which he was roused by the sound of Bow Bells, that began to ring a peal, as it was All-souls' day. As he listened to them, he fancied he could make out the following words, addressed to himself, and the more he listened, the plainer the bells seemed to chant them to his ear:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

A new spirit of hope was awakened within him, as he kept repeating these words after the bells, for they inspired him with great thoughts. So distinctly did they appear to be addressed to him, that he was resolved to bear any hardships rather than check his way to fortune by idle repining. So he made the best of his way home again, and, late in the morning as it was, he luckily got into the house without his absence having been noticed. Like a brave-hearted boy, he exerted himself now more than ever to make himself useful, above all to his

worthy master and his kind young mistress, and he succeeded beyond his hopes; almost everybody saw that he was desirous to do his duty, and to excel in all he tried to do. Alice was more and more satisfied with his conduct, and heard with pleasure of the great progress he was making in his studies. But the cook continued as surly as ever, although she must have seen he no longer minded her ill-temper as he used to do.

While matters were thus going on at home, Mr Fitzwarren's ship, the *Unicorn*, was slowly pursuing her voyage to a distant part of Africa. In those days the art of sailing was but little known, and much greater dangers were incurred through ignorance in steering vessels than is now the case. The *Unicorn* was unlucky enough to meet with much foul weather, and was so tossed about that she lost her latitude; but what was worse, owing to her being so long away from any port, her provisions were nearly all gone, and every one on board began to despair of their ever returning to England. It was wonderful that, all through this dreadful period of suffering, Whittington's cat should have been kept alive and well; but so it was, and this no doubt was owing to the great care taken of her by the captain himself, who had not forgotten the interest Alice had expressed to him about the cat. Not only was pussy by this means kept alive, but she contrived to bring up a little family of kittens

that she had during the voyage; their funny tricks greatly diverted the sailors, and helped to keep them in good humor when they began to feel discontented.

At length, when the last biscuit had been eaten, and nothing but death seemed to be in store for the poor sailors, they were rejoiced to find that their prayers to Heaven for aid had been heard: for when day broke, land was seen. This proved to be a kingdom on the African coast, abounding with wealth. The people who lived there were black, but they were kind, and much pleased to be visited by the ships of white men, for the cruel slave-trade had not then been heard of among them. The king, as soon as he was told of the arrival of the *Unicorn*, sent some of his great men to invite the captain and a few of his companions to visit his court, and to have the honor of dining with him and his queen.

A grand dinner, in the fashion of the country, was provided for the occasion; and great good humor prevailed until the dishes were placed on the table, when the white visitors were astonished at the appearance of rats and mice in vast numbers, which came from their hiding-places, and devoured nearly all the viands in a very short time. The king and queen seemed to regard this as no uncommon event, although they felt ashamed it should occur on this occasion.

When the captain found, on making inquiry, that there was no such animal as a cat known in the country, he all at once thought of asking leave to introduce Whittington's cat at court, feeling convinced that pussy would soon get rid of the abominable rats and mice that infested it. The royal pair and the whole court listened to the captain's account of the cat's good qualities as a mouser with wonder and delight, and were eager to see her talents put to the proof. Puss was taken ashore in her wicker basket, and a fresh repast having been prepared, which, on being served up, was about to be attacked in a similar way to the previous one, when she sprung in a moment among the crowd of rats and mice, killing several, and putting the rest to flight in less than the space of a minute.

Nothing could exceed the joy caused by this event. The king and queen and all their people knew not how to make enough of pussy, and they became more and more fond of her when they found how gentle and playful she could be with them, although so fierce in battling with rats and mice. As might be expected, the captain was much pressed to leave this valuable cat with his black friends, and he, thinking that they would no doubt make a right royal return for so precious a gift, readily acceded to the request. The queen's attachment to puss seemed to know no bounds, and she felt great alarm lest any accident should befall her, fearing that, in

that case, the odious rats and mice would return, more savage than ever. The captain comforted her greatly, however, by telling her that pussy had a young family of kittens on board, which should also be duly presented at court.

Now the queen had a tender heart, and when she had heard from the captain all the particulars of Whittington's story, and of the poor lad's great regret at parting with his cat, she felt quite loath to deprive him of his favorite; the more so that pussy's kittens were found to be quite able to

frighten away the rats and mice. So the cat was replaced in her wicker basket and taken on board again. The gratitude of the king and queen for the

important services rendered by pussy and her family was shown by the rich treasures they sent to Whittington, as the owner of the wonderful cat.

The captain, having at last completed his business, and got ready his ship as well as he could, took leave of his African friends, and set sail for England; and after a very long absence, during which Mr Fitzwarren had given up the ship for lost, she safely arrived in the port of London. When the captain called upon the merchant, the latter was much affected at again seeing so valued a friend restored to him, whom he regarded as lost. The ladies also, who were present, wept for joy, and were very curious to hear of the perils encountered and the strange sights witnessed by the captain. Alice, in particular, wanted to know without delay what had befallen Dick's cat, and what was the success of his venture. When the captain had explained all that had happened, he added that Whittington ought to be told of the result of his venture very carefully, otherwise his good luck might make him lose his wits. But Mr Fitzwarren would hear of no delay, and had him sent for at once.

Poor Dick at that moment had just been basted by the cook with a ladle of dripping, and was quite ashamed to appear in such a plight before company. But all his woes were soon forgotten when the worthy merchant told him of his good fortune, and added that it was a just reward granted by Heaven

for his patience under hard trials, and for his good conduct and industry. When the boxes and bales containing the treasures given by the African king and queen to the owner of the cat, and marked outside with a large W, were displayed before the astonished youth, he burst into tears, and implored his master to take all, if he would but continue to be his friend. But the merchant would touch none of it, declaring it to belong to Whittington, and to him alone. Before the captain took his leave, he said to Dick playfully, "I have another present for you from the African queen," and calling to a sailor below, ordered him to bring up the wicker-basket, out of which leaped Mrs Puss, to the great joy of her former master; and right happy was she to see him again, purring round him, and rubbing her head against his face when he took her up in his arms. For the rest of her days she continued to live with her grateful master.

Dick made a liberal and proper use of his wealth, rewarding all who had been in any way kind to him; nor did he even omit his old enemy, the cook, when bestowing his bounty, although she could never after look at him full in the face, from a sense of shame. Mr Fitzwarren constantly refused Whittington's earnest wishes that he would accept at least some of his great wealth, but he agreed to become his guardian and the manager of his property until he should be of age. Under his prudent

counsel, Whittington grew up to be a thriving merchant, and a wise and good citizen.

With all his success, he never lost his old modesty of bearing, and deeply as he loved Alice, he for a long time delayed to make his secret known to her father, lest he should be thought ungrateful; but the kind merchant had long suspected the fact, and at last taxed Richard with it. He could not deny it, but found he had no cause to regret having opened his heart to Mr Fitzwarren. That worthy man, on Whittington's coming of age, rewarded him with the hand of his daughter, who fully shared his love, having long in secret regarded him with favor.

Whittington rose in importance every year, and was much esteemed by all persons. He served in Parliament, was knighted also, and was thrice Lord Mayor of London—thus fulfilling the prophecy uttered, as he had fancied, by Bow Bells. When he served that office for the third time, it was during the reign of Harry the Fifth, just after that great king had conquered France. Sir Richard gave a feast to him and his queen in such great style, that the king was pleased to say, "Never prince had such a subject!" to which it has been said the Lord Mayor loyally replied, "Never subject had such a prince!" At this feast the king was much pleased with a fire made from choice woods and fragrant spices, upon which Sir Richard said that he would add something that would make

the fire burn more brightly, for the pleasure of his king; when he threw into the flames many bonds given by the king for money borrowed of the citizens to carry on the war with France, and which Sir Richard had called in and paid to the amount of sixty thousand pounds.

After a long life, this good man, who made himself much loved by his noble public works and acts of charity, for many of which he is still kept in memory, died, greatly to the sorrow of every one, having survived Alice, his wife, about twenty years.